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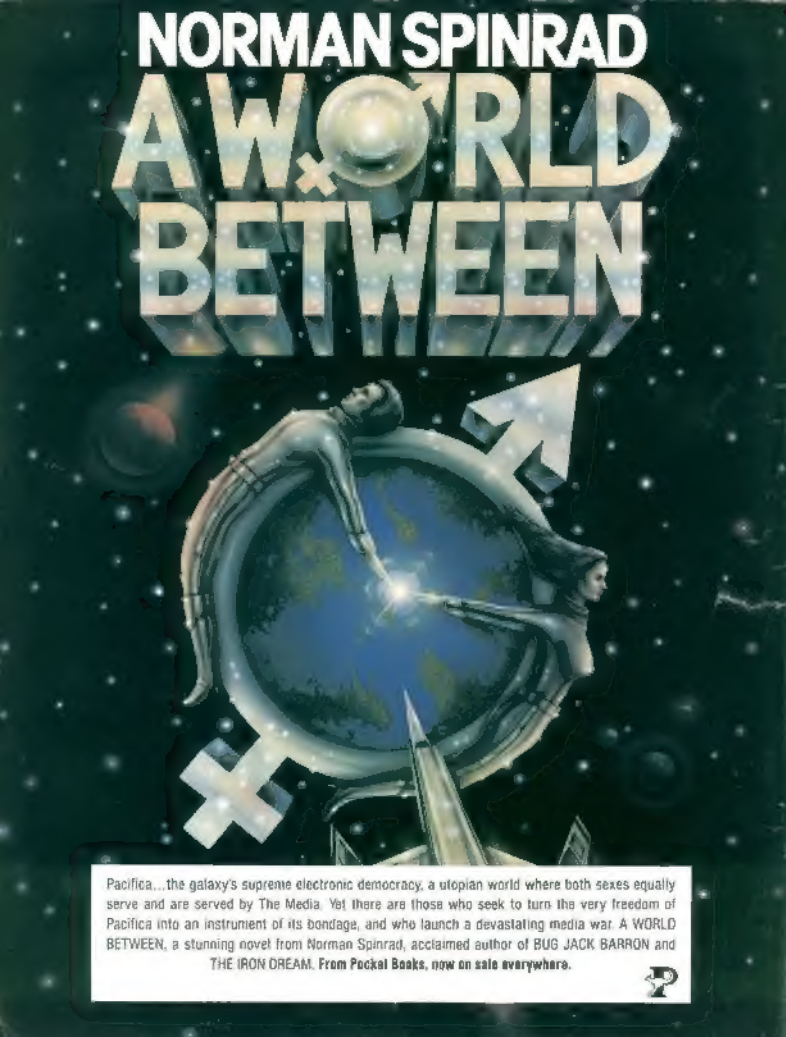

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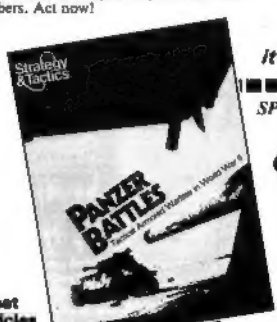

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...Thirty-one...

H.P.L.

It remains, to this day, a matter for sadly bemused and whispered speculation in these parts, why an obscure, not to say widely scorned, author of explicitly horrifying prose narratives, written in a clumsy and overblown style uncannily similar to the neon-lung and labyrinthine one you are at present nodding over, should be the object of cultlike veneration among the French.

Is it possible H.P.L. gains something in the translation, like Howard Hawks and Jerry Lewis movies? Or can it be that H.P.L., like the blues and the comics, is a great American cultural phenomenon that the wide-eyed froggies are hip to first?

It is as difficult to "introduce" Lovecraft as it would be to introduce, say, Tolkien. Those who know anything about either author tend to know everything about him, and carry on with other devotees in what sounds to the rest of us like vicious gossip about Bestiality. *The Red Book* Shuggoth in one case, Azathoth, *The Necronomicon*, Cthulhu in the other.

Briefly, then:

LOVECRAFT, Howard Phillips (1890-1937), b. Providence, RI. Considered by many the successor to Poe as author of tales of suspense and the supernatural. Wrote fiery novels and numerous short stories esp. for pulp magazine *Weird Tales*. Influenced by Poe, Dunsany, Bierce, Machen, Byron and most typical stories *e.g.*: "The Color Out of Space" and "The Dunwich Horror"—concern the bloody oblation but believers in many-tiered New England and The Great Old Ones on ancient race who "may then foolishly and nearly expelled, yet true outside, ever ready to take possession of this earth again."

Lovecraft and his fantasy disciples at Arkham House (which Chambers, Bloch and Derleth created a synthetic consistency, the "Cthulhu Mythos," as well as fictional books (*The Necronomicon*) and places (the city of Arkham as a background for short tales of the macabre.

Universally hailed in the late sixties...the dubious honor of having an acid rock group named after him.

But, either you know all that and more, or you probably don't care. . . . Such readers of this — the weirdest river issue of *Heavy Metal* — as are into Lovecraft will notice that two of H.P.L.'s most characteristic obsessions recur in these stories: the fear of something huge and powerful that is outside, but wants to get in; and the sinful attraction effected by dark and smelly holes. Your witness, Dr. Freud.

This material is taken, for the most part, from a bizarre and clinically tome written in a strange tongue, the "Homage à Lovecraft" issue of *Metal Hurlant*. We trust it will add just the right touch to your Baltimore restrictions.

S.K.

Please note: "The Grail War," by Richard Monaco (HM, September, 1979) was an excerpt from the upcoming novel of the same name to be published by Simon & Schuster (and simultaneously as a Wallaby (trade paperback) this fall...not a maniacal writer's meanderings surrounded by pretty pictures. Sorry for the confusion. (Sorry, Rich.) — The Eds.

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THE YOUNG COUPLE WAS WRITING A BOOK ON CRIMES OF PASSION IN EUROPEAN HISTORY.

AFTER THE INEVITABLE TOUR OF THE CHATEAU...
HEY! WE DON'T WANT TO MISS THAT! WE'LL COME BACK TONIGHT!
SPECTACLE
SON et LUMIERE
DAILY PERFORMANCES

WHILE WAITING FOR THE "SON ET LUMIERE" SHOW, DAVID AND JANE TOOK A WALK THROUGH THE ANCIENT STREETS OF THE VILLIAGE AT THE FOOT OF THE CASTLE.
BIBLIOTHEQUE
OH, LET'S GO INTO THE BOOKSTORE! THEY'RE BOUND TO HAVE SOME INTERESTING STUFF...

THE LADY WHO RAN THE SHOP OFFERED THEM A WIDE CHOICE OF DOCUMENTS ON THE HISTORY OF THE CHATEAU...

...AND AMONG THEM WAS AN ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT...
LOOK HERE ...THE CRIME IS DESCRIBED IN THE MOST MINUTE DETAIL...

INDEED, IT WAS ALL THERE ...THE TALE TOLD OF THE DEVOTED COURTSHIP OF THE DUCHESS LORIGNY...

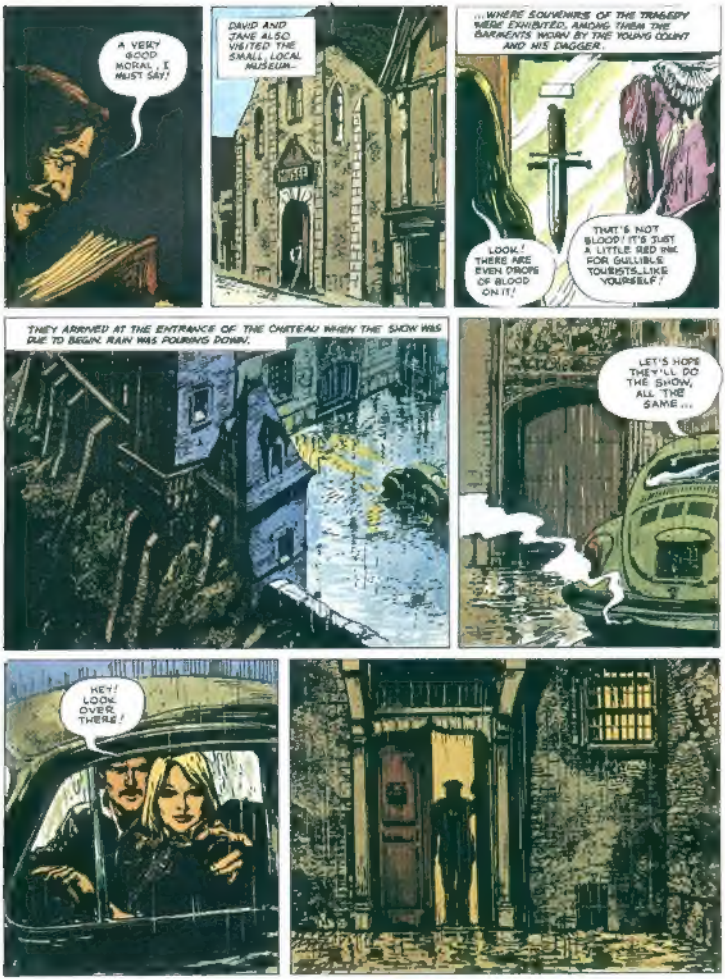
...BY THE YOUNG COUNT OF MARMONT, WHOM THE DUCHESS DID REFUSE.

...AND NOW ONE NIGHT, DURING A BALL AT THE CHATEAU, THIS SAME YOUNG COUNT DID TAKE THE DUCHESS UNTO HIS ROOM...

...AND THERE TRIED TO TAKE THAT VIRTUOUS YOUNG WOMAN AGAINST HER WISHES...

...SHE REFUSED TO SUBMIT TO THE ATTENTIONS OF THE YOUNG MAN, AND HE, MAD WITH RAGE AND LUST, DID STAB HER MOST SAVAGELY...

...AND, SURPRISED BY THE GUESTS WHO HAD HEARD THE YOUNG WOMAN'S CRIES, THE COUNT DID CAST HIMSELF DOWN FROM THE WINDOW, THUS RENDERING JUSTICE UNTO HIMSELF.


A VERY GOOD MORAL, I MUST SAY!
DAVID AND JANE ALSO VISITED THE SMALL LOCAL MUSEUM...
MUSEE
...WHERE SOUVENIRS OF THE TRAGEDY WERE EXHIBITED, AMONG THEM THE GARMENTS WORN BY THE YOUNG COUNT AND HIS DAGGER.
LOOK! THERE ARE EVEN DROPS OF BLOOD ON IT!
THAT'S NOT BLOOD! IT'S JUST A LITTLE RED INK FOR GULLIBLE TOURISTS...LIKE YOURSELF!
THEY ARRIVED AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE CHATEAU WHEN THE SHOW WAS DUE TO BEGIN. RAIN WAS POURING DOWN.
LET'S HOPE THEY'LL DO THE SHOW, ALL THE SAME...
HEY! LOOK OVER THERE!

A LITTLE SIDE DOOR OPENED AND A GUARD INVITED THEM TO FOLLOW HIM.
I HOPE THE KING'S NOT GOING TO INTERFERE WITH THE PERFORMANCE!
NO NO IT WILL TAKE PLACE INDOORS, THAT'S ALL!
OH THE CONTRARY THE RAIN WILL HELP CREATE THE PROPER ATMOSPHERE IT WAS RAINING ON THE DAY OF THE "TRAGEDY" YOU KNOW
HERE WE ARE... YOU ARE THE ONLY SPECTATORS TODAY
THE MAIN HALL IS DIMLY ILLUMINATED THE ACTORS STAND READY IMMOBILE MEDIEVAL MUSIC PEERING AND MONOTONOUS FILLS THE CHATEAU
THE SHOW BEGINS
INCREDIBLE! THE COSTUMES ARE REALLY WELL DONE!

THE LIGHT SHINES ON ONE PARTICULAR SPOT AS THE REST OF THE HALL IS PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS.
THE DUCHESS AND HER LOVER?
PAY ATTENTION NOW. DON'T BE DISTRACTED BY ANYTHING. NOTICE EVERY LITTLE DETAIL. EVERYTHING IS IMPORTANT.
COME WITH ME NOW TO THE ROOMS WHERE THE VERY DRAMA TOOK PLACE
LOOK OVER THERE FOR EXAMPLE. ONE OF COUNT MARMONT'S SERVANTS IS APPROACHING THE DUKE
AND HANDING HIM A STRANGE SORT OF PACKET
BU- THAT DOESN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE STORY!

YOU CAN FOLLOW THE ACTION FROM HERE

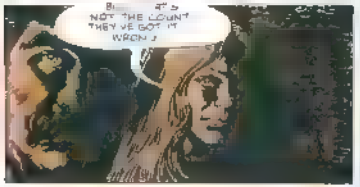
IT'S TRUE. I ALMOST FEEL LIKE A NOBLE!

HIDDEN IN THE SHADOWS, THEY HEAR A SERVANT TELL THE DUCHESS THAT THE COUNT AWAITS HER IN HIS ROOM
I'VE GOT TO ADMIT THAT THE WAY THEY MAKE US WATCH THE SHOW IS PRETTY UNUSUAL
IT'S LIKE REALLY BEING BACK IN HISTORY

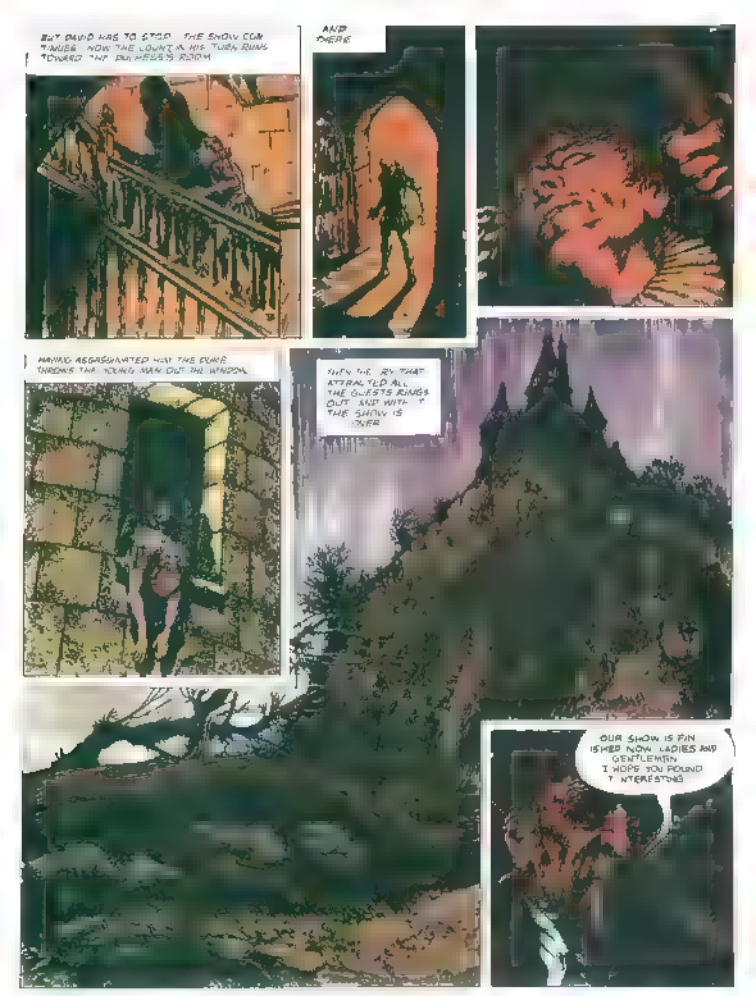
THE YOUNG DUCHESS RUNS TO HER ROOM

IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE SHE'S BEING FORCED TO DO ANYTHING

COME. WE CAN ENTER THE ROOM BY ANOTHER DOOR


NOT THE COUNT
THEY'VE GOT IT
WRONG

SO THAT'S WHAT WAS IN THE PACKET THE COUNT'S DAGGER BUT
YES. NOW I KNOW WHAT STRUCK ME AS ODD, WHEN I WAS LOOKING AT THE SOUVENIRS IN THE CABINET THIS MORNING.


BUT DAVID HAS TO STOP. THE SHOW CAN'T CONTINUE NOW. THE COUNT IN HIS TURN RUNS TOWARD THE PRINCESS'S ROOM
AND THERE
HAVING ASSASSINATED HIM THE DUKE THROWS THE COUNT'S MAN OUT THE WINDOW
THEN THE RY THAT ATTRACTED ALL THE GUESTS RINGS OUT BUT WITH T THE SHOW IS OVER
OUR SHOW IS FIN ISHED NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN I HOPE YOU FOUND T INTERESTING

IT WAS MORE THAN JUST INTERESTING TO DAVID AND JANE IT WAS A REVELATION
YOU KNOW WHAT I WAS THAT SURPRISED ME AT THE MUSEUM THE ONE'S COSTUME I WAS LIKE EMOTIONAL AND THEY NEVER CARRIED WEAPONS WHEN WEARING SUCH COSTUMES
SO THAT MEANS THAT ON THE PAY OF THE DRAMA THE SAME THING HAPPENED THAT WE SAW TONIGHT
DON'T YOU SEE WHAT THIS MEANS DAVID? WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT POINT OF VIEW IN OUR BOOK.
YES, IT'S LIKE A CASE OF POSTHUMOUS REHABILITATION
BUT WHAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND IS HOW THE ACTORS COULD HAVE KNOWN ALL THAT
ORAL TRADITION OBVIOUSLY THERE'S ALWAYS MORE TRUTH IN IT THAN IN WRITTEN DOCUMENTS
SHOW CANCELED TODAY

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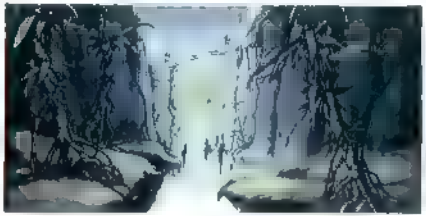

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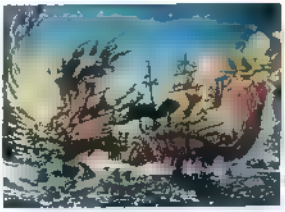

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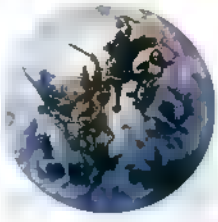

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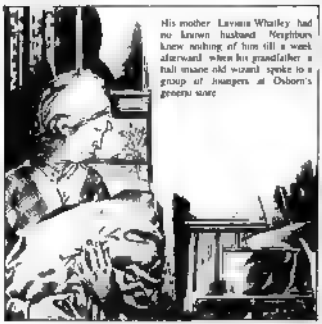
THE DUNWICH HORROR

by Breccia

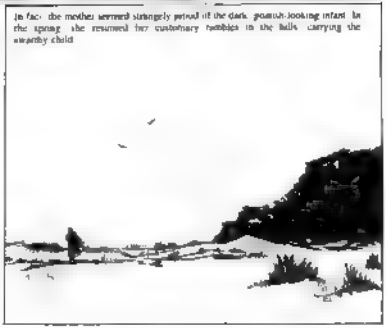
IT MUST BE ALLOW'D THAT THESE BLASPHEMIES OF AN INFERNAL TRAIN OF DAEMONS ARE MATTERS OF TOO COMMON KNOWLEDGE TO BE DENY'D. THE CURSED VOICES OF AZAZEL AND BUBRAX OF BEELZEBUB AND BELIAL BEING HEARD NOW FROM UNDERGROUND BY A SCORE OF CREDIBLE WITNESSES NOW LIVING I MYSELF DID NOT MORE THAN A FORT NIGHT AGO CATCH A VERY PLAIN DISCOURSE OF EVIL POWERS IN THE HILL BEHIND MY HOUSE WHEREIN THERE WAS A RATTLING AND ROLLING GROANING, SCREECHING AND HISSING. SUCH AS NO THINGS OF THIS EARTH COULD RAISE UP THAT MUST HAVE COME FROM THOSE CAVES THAT ONLY BLACK MAGICK CAN DISCOVER AND ONLY THE DIVELL UNLOCK

REVEREND ABIJAH HOADLEY 1747

Wilbur Whitley was born the second of February 19 7. This date was recalled because it was Candlemas, and because the nerves in the hills had wrangled and all the dogs of the countryside had barked persistently throughout the night before


His mother Lavinia Whitley had no known husband. Neighbours knew nothing of him till a week afterward when his grandfather a half insane old wizard spoke to a group of loungers at Osborn's general store

BE YE KNOWED AS MUCH ABOUT THE HOUSE AS I THINK YE WOULDN'T AST NO BETTER CHURCH WELCOME NOR HEARN. SOMETIMES YE'N FOLKS LA HEAR A CHILD OF LAVINIA'S EVEN WITH A FATHER'S NAME ON THE TOP O' SHEATTREN HILL.'

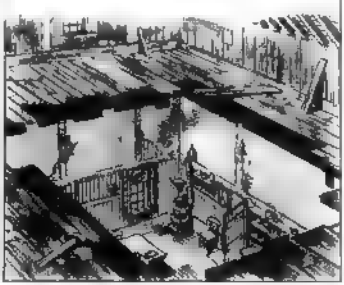

In fact the mother seemed strangely proud of the dark, goatish-looking infant. In the spring she resumed her customary rambles in the hills, carrying the unearthly child

Wilbur's growth was phenomenal and no one was really unprepared when, at seven months, he began to walk unassisted

On Hallowe'en, a great blaze was seen at midnight on the top of Sentinel Hill. Silas Bishop mentioned having seen the boy and his mother entirely unclothed running up the hill an hour before the blaze was reported

Wilbur commenced to talk at the age of only eleven months. In the village of Dunwich, he was seen drinking even more shockingly than his mother and grandsire. Dogs especially abhorred the boy

About 1923, when Wilbur was a boy of ten, a great barge of carpentry went on at the old farmhouse



In the following spring old Whateley restored the growing number of whippoorwills that would come to chirp under his window at night. He told the loungers at Osborn's that he thought his time had almost come

THEY GRABTUS TEAT IN TUNES WITH MY SHRIEKING HADN' AH I CUDDS'E THEM'ES BEFFIL READY TO REACH MY SOUL. THEM HADN' ITS A-GHOIS ACHIT AN POH I COU-CLATE TO MAKE IT VEHILL KNOW BEFORE AFTERE I'M GOONE. MASTERS, THEY CUT NO ICE NOT BY THEY DEFN. THEY'LL KEEP UP A-SENDIN' AN' LAPPIN' TILL BREAK O' DAY.

On Lammas Night 1924 Old Whateley's breathing told of an end not far off. From the vacant abyss upstairs came a disquieting suggestion of rhythmical surging

MORE SAUCE, WILLY. MORE OFFEN SAUCE. SOON YOU GROWN... AN' THEY GROWS FASTER. OPEN UP THE GATES TO YOG-SOTHOTH WITH THIS LONG CHANT THAT TELL FIND ON PAGE 741 OF THE COMPLETE EDITION. FEED IT REGLAR WILLY, AN' AND THE CHANTY

BUT DON'T LET IT GROW TOO MUCH PRE THE PLACE RUIN AN' IT BUSTS QUARTERS. OR QUITE ABOUT SPOKE YE OFFEN TO YOG-SOTHOTH. 'TIS ALL OVER AN' NO MORE CAN THEM FROM BEFORE YOU MAKE IT MULTIPLY AN' WORK

Then speech gave way to gasps again, and the whippoorwills followed the change. When Dr. Houghton finally drew shrunken lids over the gazing eyes the tumult of the birds failed imperceptibly to silence.

Throughout the next years Wilbur treated his half-deformed albino mother with a growing contempt, and in 926 the poor creature complained to Mamie Bishop of being afraid of him.

THEY'S MORE ABAOUT HIM AS I KNOWS THAN I WILL TELL YE, MAMIE! AN NAOWADAYS, I KNOW AFTER SAMED I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WANTS NOR WHAT HE'S A TRYIN' TO DOW!

That Hallowe'en the hill noises sounded louder than ever, and fire burned on Sentinel Hill as usual but the people of Dunwich paid more attention to the rhythmical screaming of vast flocks of unseasonably belated whippoorwills that seemed to be assembled near the unlighted Whateley farmhouse.

What this meant no one could quite be certain. None of the country folk seemed to have died – but poor Lavinia Whateley was never seen again.

During the summer of 927 Wilbur repaired two sheds in the farmyard, and began moving his books and effects out to them.

People generally suspected him of knowing something about his mother's disappearance and very few approached him now. His height had increased to almost that seven feet and showed no signs of ceasing its development.

The following winter Wilbur set out for the library of Miskatonic University at Arkham to consult the Dudensus Necronomicon. He admitted to the librarian, the erudite Henry Armitage, that he was looking for a kind of formula containing the frightful name Yog-Sothoth.

Dr Armitage looked over his shoulder and mentally translated such monstrous threats to the peace and sanity of the world.

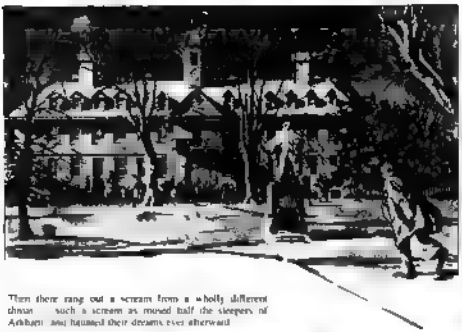
Nor is it to be thought that man is either the oldest or the last of earth's masters. The Old Ones were, the Old Ones are, and the Old Ones shall be. They walk serene and primal undimensioned and unseen. Yog-Sothoth knows the gate. Yog-Sothoth is the gate. Yog-Sothoth is the key and guardian of the gate. He knows where the Old Ones broke through of Old and where They shall break through again. Of Them semblance can no man know, *saving only in the features of those They have begotten on mankind*. Great Cthulhu is Their emblem, yet he can spy them only dimly. Ia, Shub-Niggurath! As foulness ye shall know Them. They wait patient and potent, for here They shall reign again.

DR ARMITAGE, I CAN'T LIVE OUT TO DAWN THAT BOOK HOME. THERE THINGS IN IT I'VE GOT TO TRY UNDER CERTAIN CONDITIONS THAT I CAN'T GET HERE. AIN'T IT UP TO A MORTAL SIN TO BY A RED-EAR'S RULE HOLD ME UP.

NO! THAT'S QUITE OUT OF THE QUESTION!
WELL, ALL RIGHT, IF YE FEEL THAT WAY ABOUT IT, RUNNING HARNESS MIGHT BE SO FLIPPY AS YE'RE BIG.

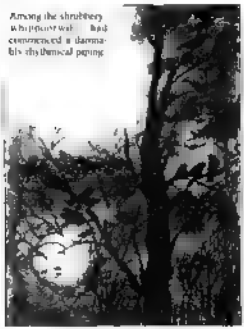
Without saying anything more, he rose and strode out of the library. Armitage heard the savage yelping of the great watchdog.

Early in August, in the small hours of the third day, Dr Armitage was awakened suddenly by the wild, fierce cries of the savage watchdog on the college campus.



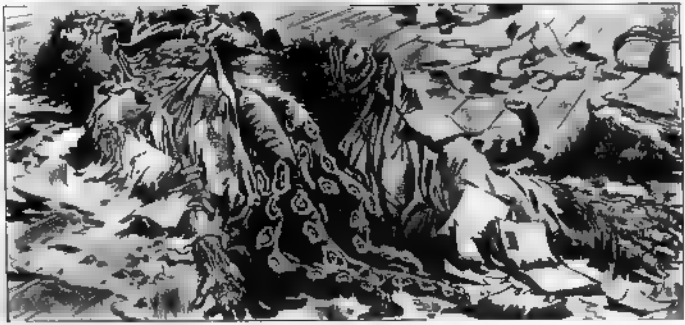
Among the gathering crowd Armitage saw professor Warren Rice and Dr. Francis Morgan. The building was full of a frightful stench

Then there rang out a scream from a wholly different throat — such a scream as moved half the sleepers of Arkham and haunted their dreams ever afterward



Among the shrubbery whippoorwills had commenced a diabolic rhythmical piping

Some instinct warned Armitage that what was taking place was not a thing for unfortified eyes to see. Summoning up his courage he snapped on the light in the genealogical reading room

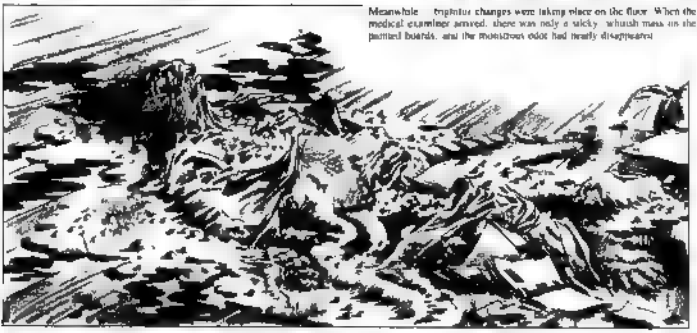


The dying thing began to mumble without turning or raising its head but nothing in English was uttered. The syllables defied all correlation with any speech on earth

At that moment the whippoorwills shrieked in rhythmical crescendos of unholy anticipation.

The dog raised its head in a long, lugubrious howl. A change came over the yellow, goatish face of the grotesque thing. The shrilling of the whippoorwills suddenly ceased.

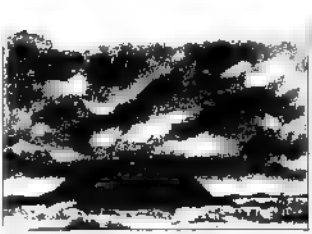
When the dog leaped nervously out the window a cry went up from the crowd. Dr. Armitage shrieked it the shock was that he not must be admitted till the police came



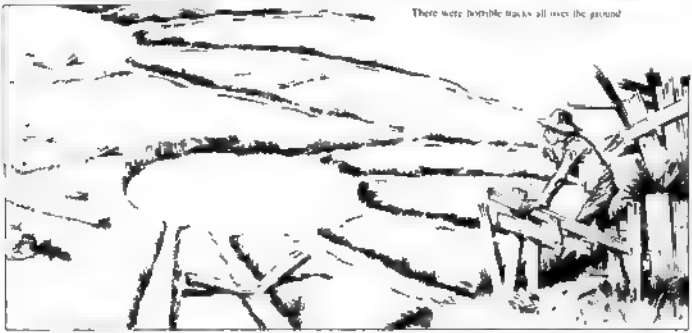
Meanwhile — frightful changes were taking place on the floor. When the medical examiner arrived, there was only a sticky, whitish mass on the painted boards, and the monstrous odor had nearly disappeared

Yet all this was only the prologue to the actual Dunwich horror ... It was in the dark of September ninth that it broke loose. The hill noises had been very pronounced during the evening, and dogs barked frantically all night.

On the morning all the locals everywhere was astonished at the news brought by Luther Chandler, the Corey's hired boy. The old Whateley place had been shattered, blown asunder, as if by a dynamite charge.



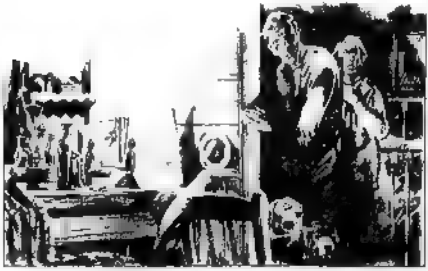
There were horrible tracks all over the ground.



And a number of Seth's cows had been discovered in an indescribable condition. They were scarred with bloody wounds, sores like those the Whateley cattle had suffered ever since Wilbur's birth.

That night everyone went home and every house and barn was barricaded as stoutly as possible.

At about two in the morning a frightful wrench and the savage barking of the dogs awakened the household at Elmer Eyre's



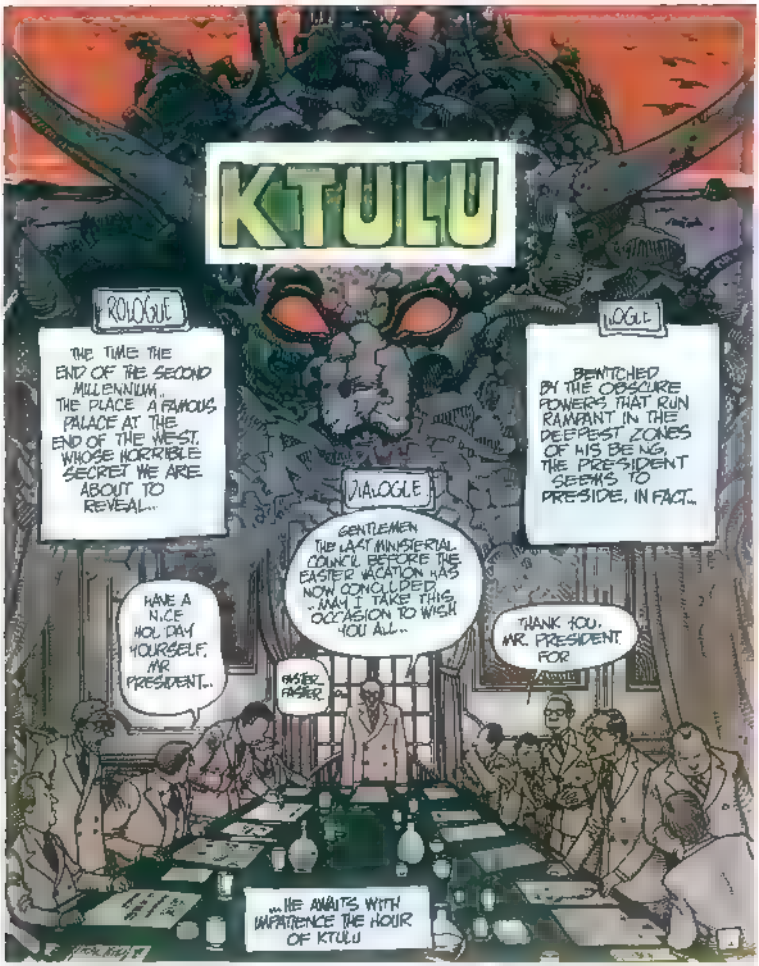
The noise came apparently from the barn, and was quickly followed by a hideous screaming and a stamping amongst the cattle. The children and womenfolk whimpered, as in knowing their fates depended on silence

The noise of the cattle finally subsided to a pitiful moaning and grim snapping, crashing and cracking sounds ceased. Elmer then hastened on the pikote and spread what news he could of the horror

The next day all the countryside was in a panic

Cowed, uncommunicative groups came and went to the place where the fiendish thing had vanished

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74


KTULU
PROLOGUE
THE TIME: THE END OF THE SECOND MILLENNIUM.. THE PLACE: A FAMOUS PALACE AT THE END OF THE WEST, WHOSE HORRIBLE SECRET WE ARE ABOUT TO REVEAL...
DIALOGUE
GENTLEMEN THE LAST MINISTERIAL COUNCIL BEFORE THE EASTER VACATION HAS NOW CONCLUDED. MAY I TAKE THIS OCCASION TO WISH YOU ALL..
HAVE A NICE HOLIDAY YOURSELF, MR PRESIDENT..
EASTER, EASTER..
THANK YOU, MR. PRESIDENT. FOR
...HE AWAITS WITH IMPATIENCE THE HOUR OF KTULU
EPILOGUE
BEWITCHED BY THE OBSCURE POWERS THAT RUN RAMPANT IN THE DEEPEST ZONES OF HIS BEING, THE PRESIDENT SEEMS TO PRESIDE, IN FACT..

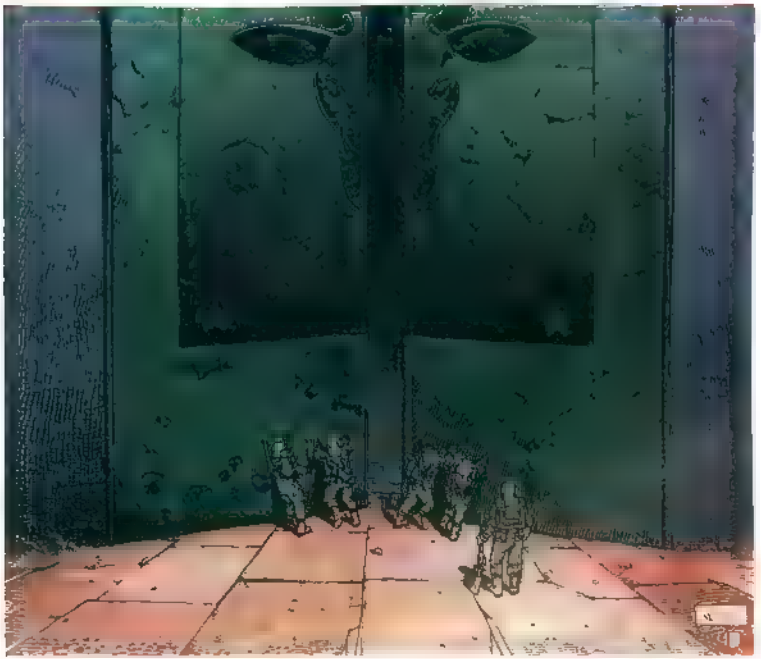
HE MUST STILL SHAKE THE HANDS OF SEVERAL NOTABLES..
AHA DEAR MR.. FASTER...
AH MR FREG DE LA
I.. AH YES!..

AT LAST HE'S ALONE
ALL OF A SUDDEN.. HE REACHES A SECRET DOOR

..HE RUNS ALONG A DARK TRENCH THAT ..LEADS INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE PALACE..

UNTIL HE COMES TO A SECRET ANTE-CHAMBER IN FRONT OF THE DOOR TO THE INTERIOR TERRITORIES..

THE MASTER OF THE HUNT AWAITS YOU, SIR!...
I WAS HELD UP BY THE COUNCIL!
THE MASTER DOES NOT LIKE TO WAIT!



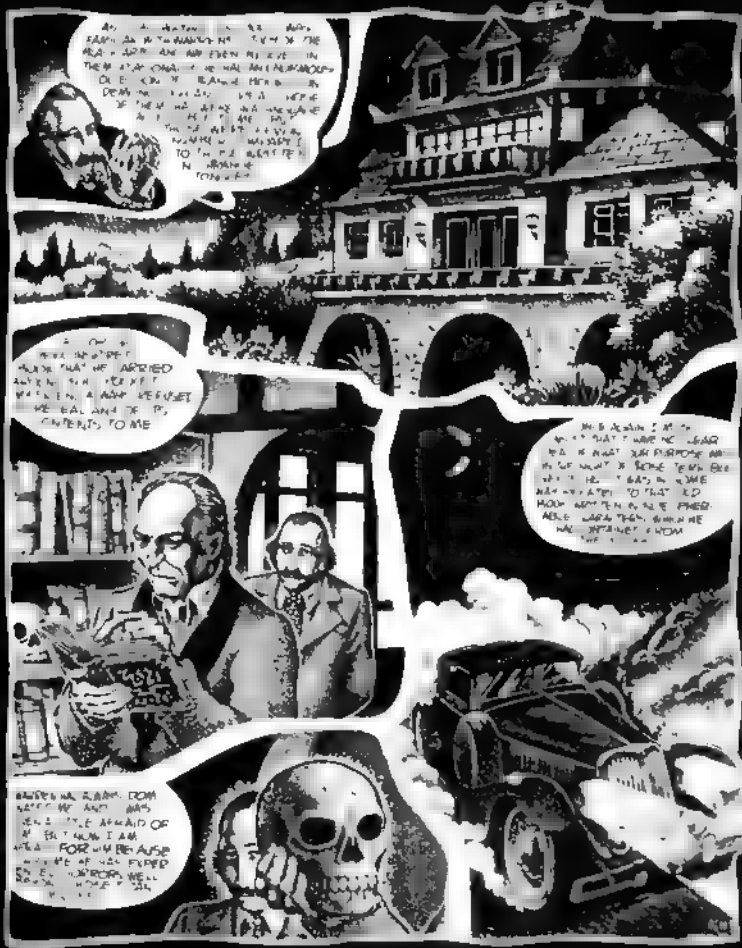
THE FIVE MEN ENTER A GIGANTIC CAVERN...
GOOD DAY LOVECRAFT, I AM THE PRES.DENT, AND I WISH TO HUNT THE KTULU!...
SO THERE YOU ARE YOU...TTLE COCKROACH OF A PRES.DENT YOU MAD, CRUEL, HYPOCRITICAL PRES.DENT. YOU COME CLAIMING BLOOD, YOUR SHEEPS FACE CLOTTED WITH THE SHIT ON YOUR DUMB SKULL
O.K. O.K... IT'S IN THE RULES.. WE, H.P LOVECRAFT, HAVE SIGNED A PACT THAT BINDS US WITH THE HUNTERS OF THIS PALACE.. YOU WILL FIND A KTULU 3000 YEARS OLD TO THE NORTH OF THE LAVA FIELD NEAR THE TWO FIG TREES...
PLEASE, GREAT LOVECRAFT!... SPARE ME YOUR INSULTS, AND GIVE ME A KTULU!..

SEVERAL DAYS LATER AT THE DESCRIBED SPOT
THE KILLERS...
HEE...
EPILOGUE
SO, DEFYING JUSTICE, THE PRESIDENTS KILL OUR SACRED ANIMALS!
OH LORD! HOW LONG WILL THIS CRIME GO UNPUNISHED?..
END

"Enter!"
DR FEAR
YOUR CERTAINTY AWAITS
ENTER HERE

"Ummm"

GENTLEMEN. I REPEAT THIS INQUEST OF YOURS IS QUITE USELESS I CAN ADD NOTHING TO WHAT I HAVE ALREADY TOLD YOU.
ARE YOU REMINDING THE EVIDENCE AGAINST YOU?
YOU MAY DETAIN ME FOR LIFE IF YOU WISH YOU MAY EVEN EXECUTE ME IF YOU REQUIRE A VICTIM TO SATISFY YOUR ILLUSION OF JUSTICE
I TOLD YOU BEFORE I DON'T KNOW WHAT BECAME OF HARLEY WARREN!
IF SOMETHING IN MY MANNER SEEMS SOMEWHAT VAGUE IT IS BECAUSE OF THIS GHASTLY FORGETFULNESS THAT HAS AFFLICTED MY SOUL.
THE THING
I DO NOT KNOW WHEN I WAS AS YOU TELL ME FOUND ALONE ON THE JUTSKIRTS OF THE MARSH IN A DAZED CONDITION I HAVE NOTHING TO ADD TO THE GHASTLY STORY I HAVE TOLD YOU
IT MAY HAVE BEEN A DREAM OR A NIGHTMARE BUT I BELIEVE THAT THE ONLY ONES WHO COULD TELL YOU WHAT WARREN DID NOT RETURN WITH ME ARE HIS GHOST OR THAT THING, WHICH I CANNOT DESCRIBE.



HE DENSE GROWTH
SOME VEGETATION, AN
HE WON THE FLESH
LOOSENED THE

WORSE WHOLESOME WE WE APPROACHED THE DARK HOLE ONCE AGAIN
OUR ANTENNAE
DOWN AND
BECAME ODIOUS,
I REGRET HAVING TO ASK
I PROMISE I
I HAVE ENOUGH WIRE
THEY'RE DEVICES
INTACT

WARREN!

WARREN, ALL YOU HAVE MOMENTS BEFORE HAS SPOKEN TO ME SO I ALONE KNOW NOW FROM THE DEPTHS OF HIS AGONY IN A WHISPER MORE A MASTER THAN THE MOST PERSUASIVE OF CRIES
OH MY GOD IF YOU COULD SEE WHAT I AM SEEING NOW
QUESTIONS INTO THE MOUTHPIECE AND HEARD AGAIN THE VOICE OF MY FRENZIC HOARSE AND TWISTED IN DESPAIR CARTER THIS IS TERRIBLE MONSTROUS MOST INCREDIBLE I DO NOT HAVE THE COURAGE TO DESCRIBE IT TO YOU NO ONE CAN KNOW THIS AND LIVE!
CARTER! FOR GOD REPLACE THE STONE NO SAVE YOUR SELF
FLEE FROM HERE REPLACE THE STONE AND FLEE FROM HERE!
ETERNITIES APPEARED TO HAVE PASSED SINCE WARREN HAD HORRIFIED ME BY HIS CRY MR. PEABODY HE'S DEAD! HE'S DEAD! WARREN'S VOICE CRACKLED THROUGH THE RECEIVER
WARREN I CALLED IS THAT YOUR
I WANTED TO THROW MYSELF INTO THE DEPTHS TO GO TO HIS AID BUT COULD NOT OVERCOME THE PARALYSIS THAT HAD MASTERED ME THE HORRIBLE SCREAM FULL OF HORROR CAME FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE CURSED BE ALL INFERNAL BEINGS I'M ALMOST OVER NOW I SEE YOU NO MORE
AFTER THAT SILENCE
I REMEMBER HE HAD THE THING THAT THREW ME INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS A FEW MOMENTS AFTER HIS AWFUL SCREAM HE MUST HAVE REPLACED THE STONE AND FLED INTO A NEARBY WOOD
WHAT HAPPENED I DON'T KNOW I AWAKENED TO FIND MYSELF ON THE GROUND NEAR THE ALTAR OF STONE I FOUND THE DOOR OPEN AND THE PRISONER GONE UNDER YOU WRETCHED FOOL WARREN IS DEAD
HE IS DEAD!
ART GIO / VOSS

the beasts

BY DANK

SIR SIR I HAVE TO TELL YOU THAT THAT THEY'RE THERE AGAIN THE BEASTS!!!
AGAIN THEY'RE REALLY GOING TOO FAR! THAT MAKES THE THIRD TIME THIS WEEK!
TAKE CARE OF MY DINNER JACKET, GEORGE. ACTUALLY, IN CASE I ESCAPE AGAIN THIS TIME
DON'T FORGET EGGS WITH BACON SUNNY-SIDE UP, PLEASE!
OVNI

HEAVENS! THIS IS FINALLY BECOMING TIRESOME. EVERY NIGHT IT'S THE
SAME OLD STORY!! THE THE MORE I KILL THE MORE OF THEM THERE ARE!

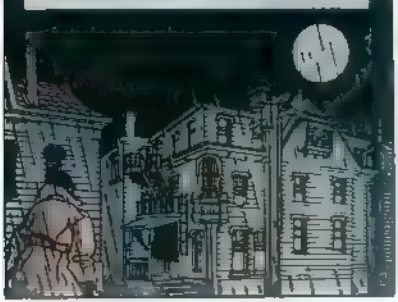
AGAIN AND AGAIN THE ETERNAL COMBAT AGAINST THE BEAST
RAT-AT-AT!
WE MIGHT SAY THAT MAN HAS WON ONCE AGAIN EH, GEORGE?
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
YES, BUT HOW LONG CAN THIS GO ON?
THE END

THE MAN FROM BLACK-HOLE

MY NAME IS **HOWARD PHILLIP WINGATE**. WHILE I AM WRITING THESE LINES SOMEWHERE IN BROOKLYN, IN A SQUID GARRET WITH THE RAIN POURING DOWN OUTSIDE, I REMEMBER THE TIME I SPENT DURING A CERTAIN PERIOD OF MY LIFE IN THAT SAD AND CELEBRATED TOWN OF **ARKHAM** (NEW ENGLAND). THE SCENES THAT UNROLL FORTHWITH REMAIN ENGRAVED IN MY MEMORY IN THE MOST MINUTE DETAIL. I WOULD PREFER TO REMAIN SILENT ABOUT THIS TRAGIC EPISODE OF MY YOUTH, WHICH PREMATURELY AGED ME. I WOULD PREFER ABOVE ALL TO FORGET, BUT I KNOW THAT NOTHING CAN PUT AN END TO MY TORMENT, UNLESS PERHAPS, IT BE DEATH ITSELF.

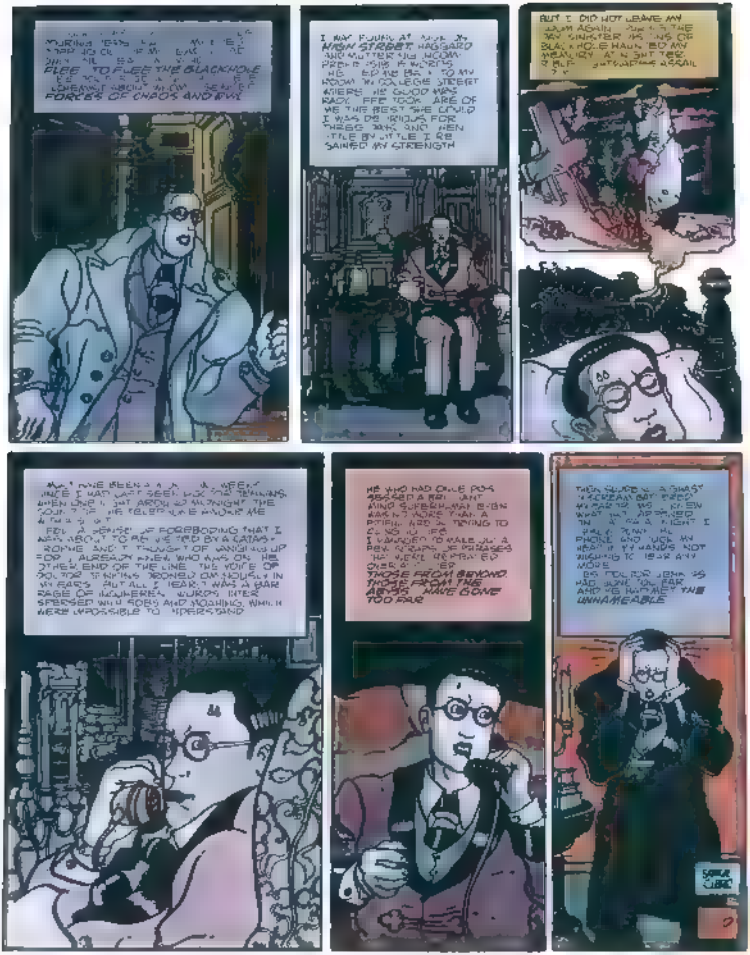
"ALL BEGAN ON THE DAY THAT I ARRIVED IN **ARKHAM**. I HAD PUBLISHED *THE CREATURES OF SALEM* AND *DEMON ON THE EDGE OF TOWN*, TWO PARTS OF A TRIPTYCH. VOLUME 3 TO BE PUBLISHED BY VAMPIRE PRESS IN NEW YORK. I WAS PREPARING TO BEGIN WORK ON THE THIRD VOLUME.

A FRIEND HAD SPOKEN TO ME ONCE OF **ARKHAM**, THAT NEW ENGLAND TOWN ABOUT WHICH STRANGE STORIES ARE TOLD, WHERE STRANGE CULTS WORSHIPPED OBSCURE GODS IN THE HEARTH HILLS. * WAS IN THIS MOST APPROPRIATE ENVIRONMENT THAT I DECIDED TO WRITE MY BOOK. AND ONE NIGHT IN SEPTEMBER 1969 I PRESENTED MYSELF AT 2 2 COLLEGE STREET WHICH I HAD DECIDED TO MAKE MY RESIDENCE WHILE IN ARKHAM.



MY LANDLADY WAS A MRS. RADCLIFFE WITH WHOM I STRUCK UP A FRIENDSHIP VERY QUICKLY. I TOLD HER ALL ABOUT MY INTEREST FOR THE OCCULT AND THE BIZARRE AND SHE TOLD ME ABOUT A UNIQUE SHOP ON CRANE STREET WHERE ESOTERIC BOOKS AND CERTAIN DOCUMENTS THAT WOULD BE ALL FOR MY RESEARCH
THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR THE INFORMATION. WHEN I HAVE MY BEARINGS I SHALL LOOK FOR THE PLACE.
AND IN FACT THE NEXT DAY, HAVING WALKED FOR TWO HOURS THROUGH THE STREETS OF ARKHAM, I FINALLY ARRIVED AT 666 CRANE STREET IN FRONT OF THE STRANGE SHOP.
Welcome to the Crypt
HMM
WHAT A NIGHT THAT WAS! BEAUTIFUL SENSATION! A HEAVY RAIN OF WHICH WE ONLY FELT THE BEGINNING, AT THAT MOMENT WE WERE PUNISHED BY THE WORLD'S A... BOOK WHICH WAS NOT AT ALL REMARKABLE. IT WAS A SORT OF ESOTERIC AND OCCULT OBJECTS AND ARCANE AMBIGUOUS BOOKS
AND AS I WAS MY FLESH DEEP WHAT MADE ME REMEMBER ALL OVER WAS THE WAY THAT THE TWO STRANGE CHARACTERS WITH THEIR HOLLOW FACES CAST UPON ME
THEY FROZE AS IF I HAD SURPRISED THEM WITH SOME TERRIBLE SECRET AND THEN, A SECOND LATER THEY SEEMED TO REGAIN THEIR COMPOSURE. THE MAN WITH THE DARK GLASSES WANDERED PAST THE SHELVES FOR A FEW MOMENTS LIKE A SILENT VAMPIRE
FELT HIS GAZE UPON ME SEVERAL TIMES BEFORE HE LEFT AND DISAPPEARED DOWN CRANE STREET
THE HORROR AT RED HOOK

AT HIGH SCHOOL I LEARNED FROM MY LANDLADY THAT THE BIZARRE MAN WAS NAMED NATHANIEL JENKINS, AND THAT HE HAD ONCE BEEN HOUSED AS A DOCTOR AT THE UNIVERSITY OF BOSTON BUT HAD BEEN ASKED TO LEAVE AFTER BLACKHOLE COTTAGE, A STRANGE HOUSE SET IN THE WOODS NORTH OF THE CITY
THIS WAS HE WORE SOME KINDA STRANGE TWIGHT AND A HOLE ... HOWE YES THE SUN'S SHINE ALL NIGHT IN THE WINDOWS
DEAR ME! BUT IN THE WAS JANUARY! WHAT'S THERE TO DO?
AGREEABLE ENOUGH IMPRESSION ... AS WE ... TO WHO AGAIN AND ASKED THE PURPOSE ... SEEMED BY OUR ... MEET. HE QUICKLY REPLACED ... A CERTAIN ... WITH THE ... ENTITIES FROM THE OTHER ... ARE BOOKS AND OF LOST ... ME WITH IT'S PECULIAR ... THE WEEK'S THAT FOLLOW ... WAS EXPERIMENTS AT ... WAS INVITED TO THE
BLACKHOLE COTTAGE
IT WAS THERE I ACTED AS HIS ... INSTANT FEELING A MIXTURE OF HORROR AND FASCINATION FOR THE DIABOLICAL EXPERIMENTS OF DR. JENKINS. I SAW THINGS ... TO THIS DAY MAKE ME TREMBLE
I WAS DURING THIS TIME THAT I FIRST BEGAN TO EXPERIENCE HALLUCINATIONS AND DISTURBANCES IN PHYSICAL STATE. DESPAIR WAYED IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED TO THE POINT WHERE MARS BADLY AFFECTED. BECAME ALARMED AND ADVISED ME TO REST A LITTLE BUT THAT WOULD BE TOO FOR THE FURTHER I PLUNGED INTO MY LABORS AND MAD ... AS I BECAME I DESIRED TO FINISH ... DR. DRIVEN BY CURIOSITY AND FEVER I ENTERED DR JENKINS'S OFFICE
WHERE THE COLLECTION OF HIS ... AND ... I DISCOVERED A FATHER BOUND BOOK OF NOTES ... CONTAINING ... DIAGRAMS AND COMPLEX FORMULAS THAT FILLED ME WITH ...


FLEE TO FLEE THE BLACKHOLE
FORCES OF CHAOS AND EVIL
MAIN STREET
AND MUTTER HIS MOOMA
HE BEE BACK TO MY
ROOM IN COLLEGE STREET
BUT I DID NOT LEAVE MY
ROOM AGAIN
BLACK HOLE HAUNTED MY
DREAMS
FEE TOOK ARE OF
ME THE BEST SHE COULD
I WAS DESPERATE FOR
THINGS TO END
STILE BY LITTLE I RE
GAINED MY STRENGTH
THOSE FROM BEYOND
HAVE COME
TOO FAR
THE UNNAMEABLE

H.P.L.
BE QUIET ZACHARIAH THIS IS NOT THE TIME FOR AESTHETICISM AN IRONCLAD MIND IS TOWARD THE QUIET I DELINEATE THE WAY OF FORBIDDEN KNOWLEDGE FOR US
THROUGH THE ARCANE THE NECRONOMICON IF ABDUL ALHAZRED HIS BOOK AND SIGNATURE ON AGAINST ALL WHEN WITCH HAVE BEEN AN EVIL COMPANIONS MUT
LAST I WILL NOW BE DARKEST OF SECRETS THE ULTIMATE FEAT AT LAST TO LOOK UPON THE UNNAMEABLE

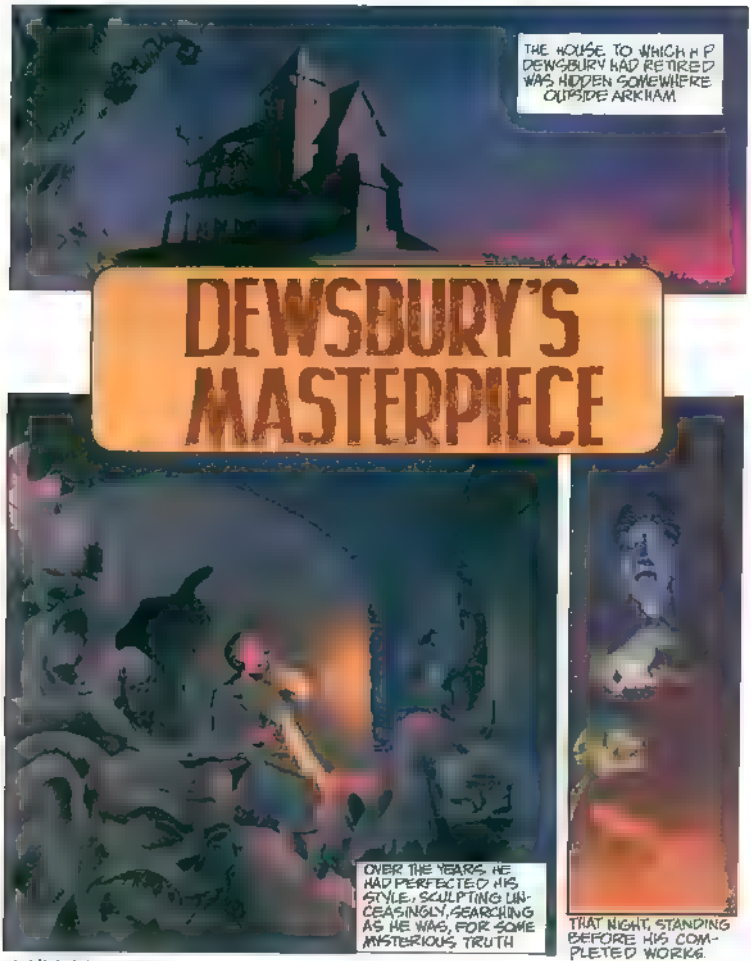
AH, THERE YOU ARE. NOW, NOW THE STREETS NOW HUSH IN THE MIDDLE WHEN ANIMAL LIES UPON OUR BED IN THE MORNING, WO AT MIDDAY, AND THRICE
MAN
WORD

Love's Craft

Something is waiting for you in the dark.
Isn't it? Something slouching
Among the shadows of the furniture,
Holding its breath among the ticking clocks,
Or crouching
Just outside, pressed against the black glass,
Something hungry and cruel and cold
As a wind that shakes the door,
With a soft heavy step that masks the night,
Silent and quick and suddenly sure
As a razor slash.
Isn't it waiting for you in the dark?

You're waiting for something in the dark.
Aren't you? An explosion
Of bright red rage behind your tight shut eyes,
A wave of fear burst from your ticking heart,

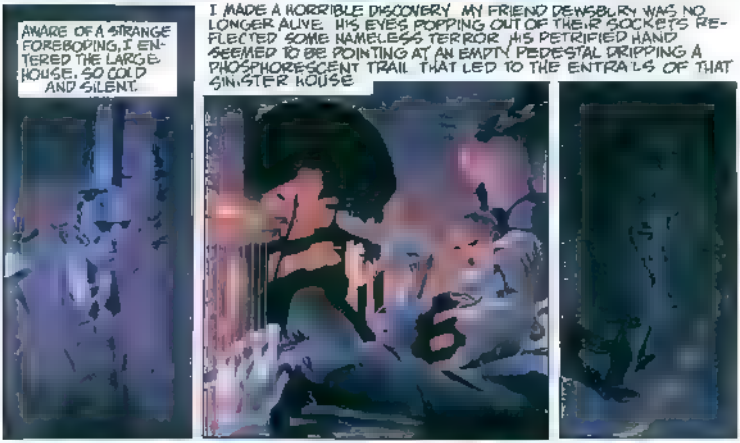
Just past your grasp, untouched, unsatisfied,
Something awful and true and old
As a hawk's fall on a dove,
Or a stallion's lunge of mindless love,
Awful and free and wrecklessly wise
As your suicide.
Aren't you waiting for it in the dark?


THE HOUSE TO WHICH H P DEWSBURY HAD RETIRED WAS HIDDEN SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE ARKHAM
DEWSBURY'S MASTERPIECE
OVER THE YEARS, HE HAD PERFECTED HIS STYLE, SCULPTING UNCEASINGLY, SEARCHING AS HE WAS, FOR SOME MYSTERIOUS TRUTH
THAT NIGHT, STANDING BEFORE HIS COMPLETED WORKS.

G. CHALAND & L. CORNILLON

HEAVY METAL

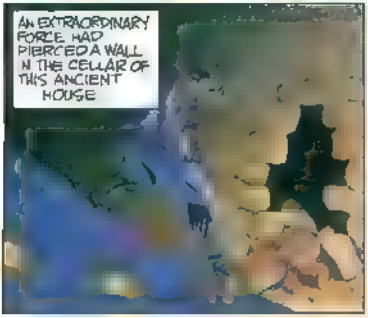
I BELIEVE, WITHOUT BOASTING, THAT I AM DEWSBURY'S ONLY REMAINING FRIEND THE OTHERS COULD NOT OVERCOME THE REPULSION AND DISGUST THAT HIS ARTISTIC ENDEAVORS INSPIRED. PASSING THROUGH ARKHAM, I DECIDED TO PAY HIM A VISIT

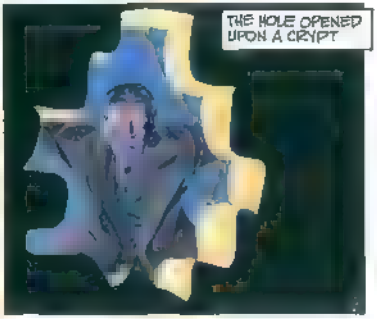

AWARE OF A STRANGE FOREBODING, I ENTERED THE LARGE HOUSE, SO COLD AND SILENT.
I MADE A HORRIBLE DISCOVERY. MY FRIEND DEWSBURY WAS NO LONGER ALIVE. HIS EYES POPPING OUT OF THEIR SOCKETS REFLECTED SOME NAMELESS TERROR. HIS PETRIFIED HAND SEEMED TO BE POINTING AT AN EMPTY PEDESTAL DRIPPING A PHOSPHORESCENT TRAIL THAT LED TO THE ENTRAILS OF THAT SINISTER HOUSE

I WAS OVERCOME BY A MIXTURE OF FEAR AND CURIOSITY I DECIDED TO UNRAVEL THE MYSTERY

I HAD ALWAYS KNOWN DEWSBURY AS STUDENTS WE WERE ROOMMATES. OUR COMMON TASTE FOR THE UNKNOWN LED US BOTH TO USE EXOTIC DRUGS, TO SEEK TERRIBLE AND FORBIDDEN DREAMS. WE LOVED TO TELL EACH OTHER OF OUR EXPERIENCES IN THOSE UNKNOWN SPHERES

ONE MORNING, DEWSBURY RETURNED FROM ONE OF HIS VOYAGES COMPLETELY METAMORPHIZED. HE HAD GLIMPSED SOMETHING THAT HE COULD NOT DESCRIBE. SOMETHING THAT HAUNTED HIM CEASELESSLY. HE BECAME OBSESSED, AND THENCEFORTH HAD BUT ONE AIM. TO TRY TO FIND THE FORM OF THE THING AGAIN SO HE COULD MAKE ME UNDERSTAND



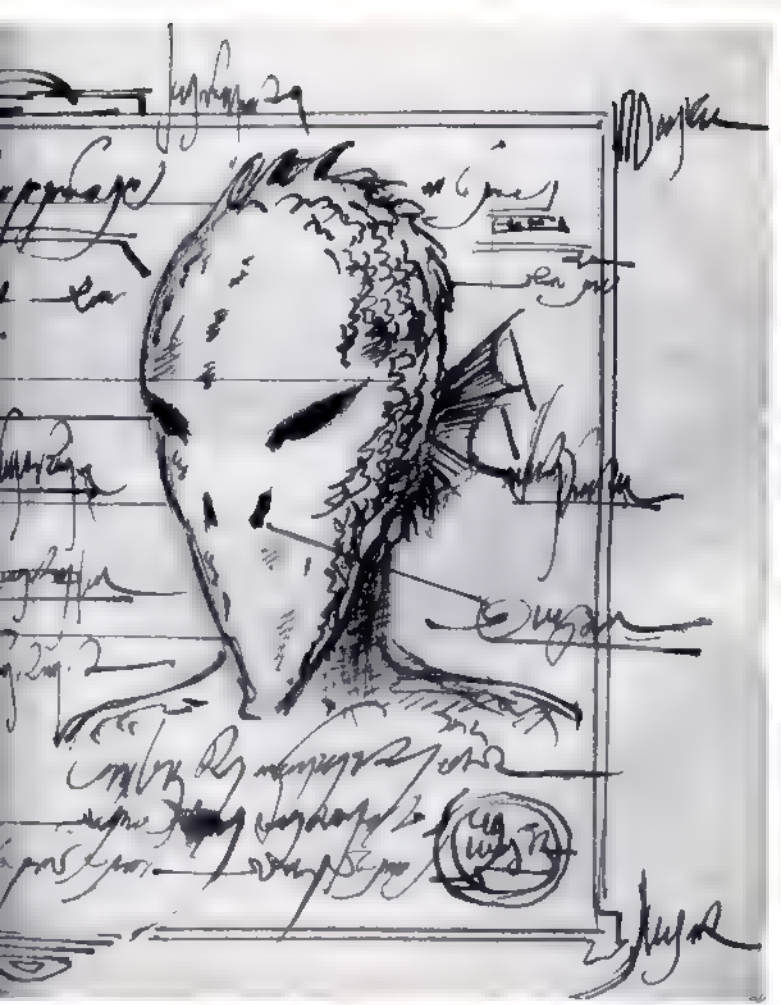


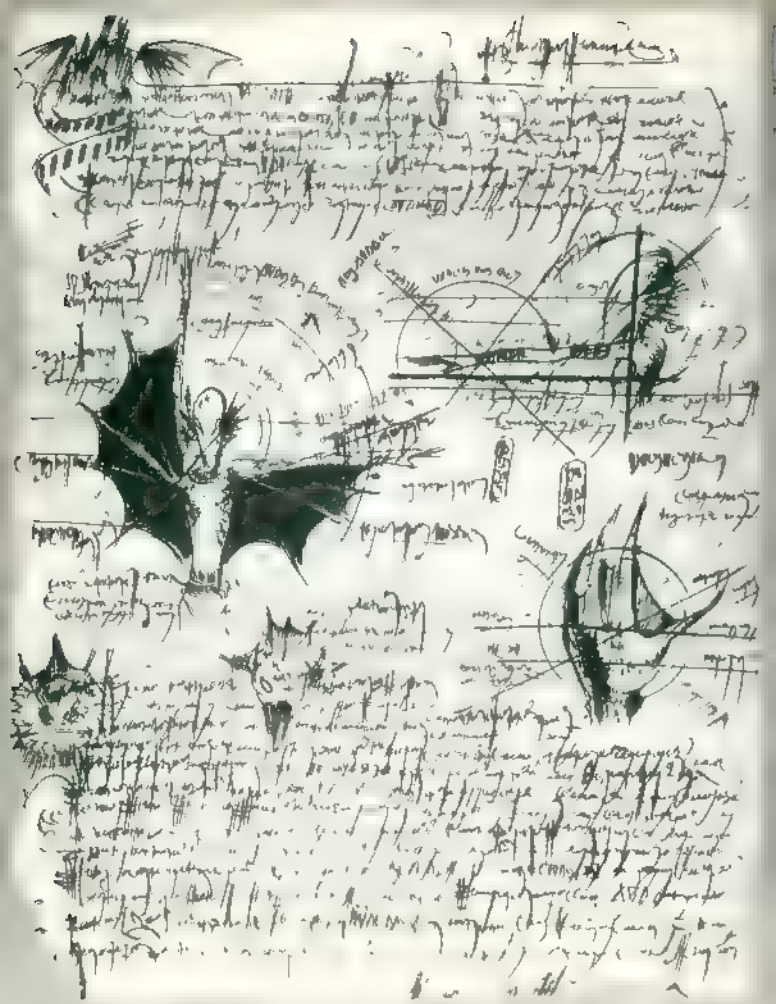
THE STRANGE LIGHT DREW ME IRRESISTIBLY FORWARD WHEN I WENT TO EXAMINE THE INTERIOR OF THE WELL. I STOPPED DEAD IN MY TRACKS. WHAT I SAW WAS MORE HORRIBLE THAN ANYTHING MAN COULD IMAGINE!
AT THAT MOMENT, THE LACK OF UNDERSTANDING THAT HAD SEPARATED US DISAPPEARED. DEWSBURY HAD AT LAST SHOWN ME WHAT HE HAD SEEN - IN THAT SENSE MY DEATH HARDLY MATTERED
THE END

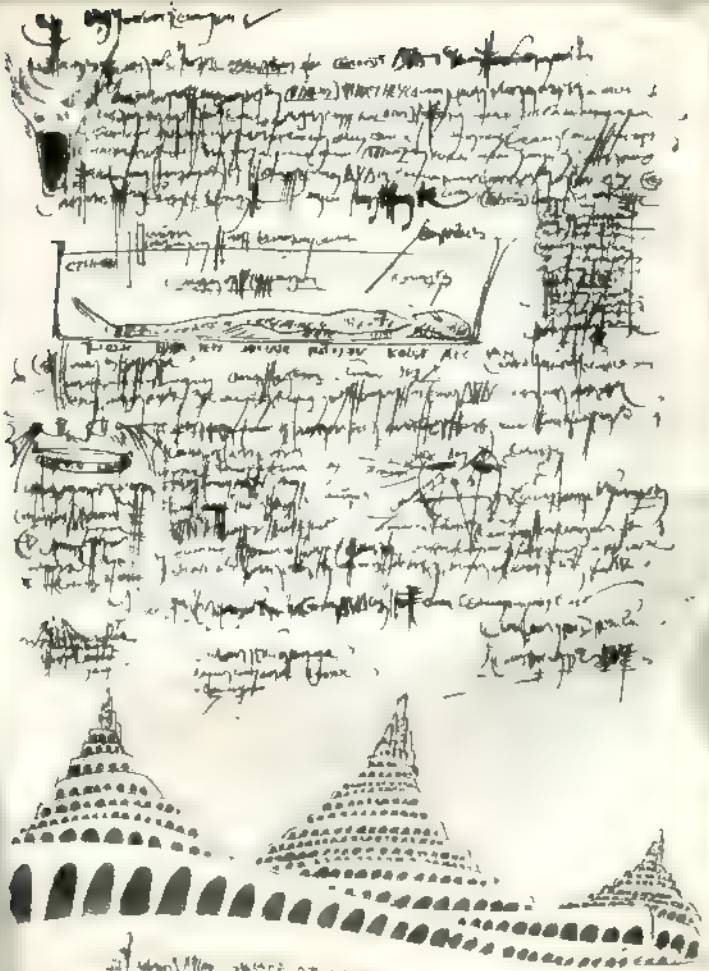
COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

HM #1 APRIL 1977 Tom Sloan Penny the Sun reader of Jupiter. Her and Bob Young, Mike Gray, Jim Hall, Jim Hall, Jim Hall

EXCERPTS FROM THE NECRONOMICON







Philippe
Druillet
ENKI

THE END

CHAIN MAIL

Metallic Brothers

I just saw *Alien* and I must say your enthusiasm is firmly based and shared by myself with conviction. Not since the initial release of *Angry Red Planet* has a SF movie had such tremendous impact on me. What excellent work. *Jaws? Comta? Marooned?* hah! spunk! *Star Wars? 300-? Close Encounters?* teenage doodling. *Alien* is a display of dedicated creativity from the heads of professional artists. May a hen purses be deep and heavy henceforth and hereafter!

Admiration at maximum
Michael Sagers
Dallas, Texas

Dear Editor

Today *Alien* opened in Houston and I'm afraid I was terribly disappointed in the film's construction. As it progressed *Alien* began to remind me more and more of those old, grade B science fiction movies of the fifties that used to appear on "Weird" or "Creature Features." We have subscribed to *Heavy Metal* since it began and I've had no reason to complain about the quality of anything in *Heavy Metal* because most of it's very good science fiction. But *Heavy Metal* did back something that was not adult science fiction or even a very arty call co science fiction thriller. John Boorman's *Zardoz*, was adult science fiction. *Flesh Gordon*, X rated way yet absolute. *Alien* was well perhaps the best well kept secret demon picture ever produced.

"In Space No One Can Hear You Scream." On Earth you can scream as everyone hears you scream. *Rip off!* And I suppose Peter Finch in his last film, *Network*, said it best. It is high time we the long abused adult audiences the silent majority, who work hard, toil in the salt yards, pay their bills without complaining, it's high time for this movie going majority to stick their heads out the windows and tell the science fiction writers, writers of Hollywood to intent on producing nine of ten year old adult science fiction movies with just oodles and even more oodles of *Star Wars* special effects. *I'm as mad as hell and I'm not going to take it anymore!* Not at $4 not at $5 not even at $6.

Henning Bernstrom
Houston, Texas

I was with much interest that I note the appearance of the illustrated story "Alien" in your May magazine. It is with equal interest that I find the book *Alien* readily available for purchase in my local book store. But whose story is it? Alien creatures are for what's unknown do. As Jim Goodwin in "The Movie" by Alan Dean Foster I say in the book that the story is by Dan O'Bannon and Ronald Shusett.

As every artist has the right to think of himself as a potential writer so does the media the need to give credit where due to the creative team who "Please give obedience."

This request for a clearer background as an encouragement to future creative attempts in the field.

Richard R. Richard
Fayetteville, N.C.

Dear Michael

Here's the scoop. Alien first appeared as the screenplay by Dan O'Bannon and Ron Shusett. Alan Dean Foster wrote the novelization and Simenon and Giraud the illustrated version. The movie and the illustrated story are faithfull to O'Bannon and Shusett's original screenplay. *The Eds.*

FROM A LOST LAND OF DRAGONS, A LEGEND TAKES FLIGHT

DRAGONWORLD

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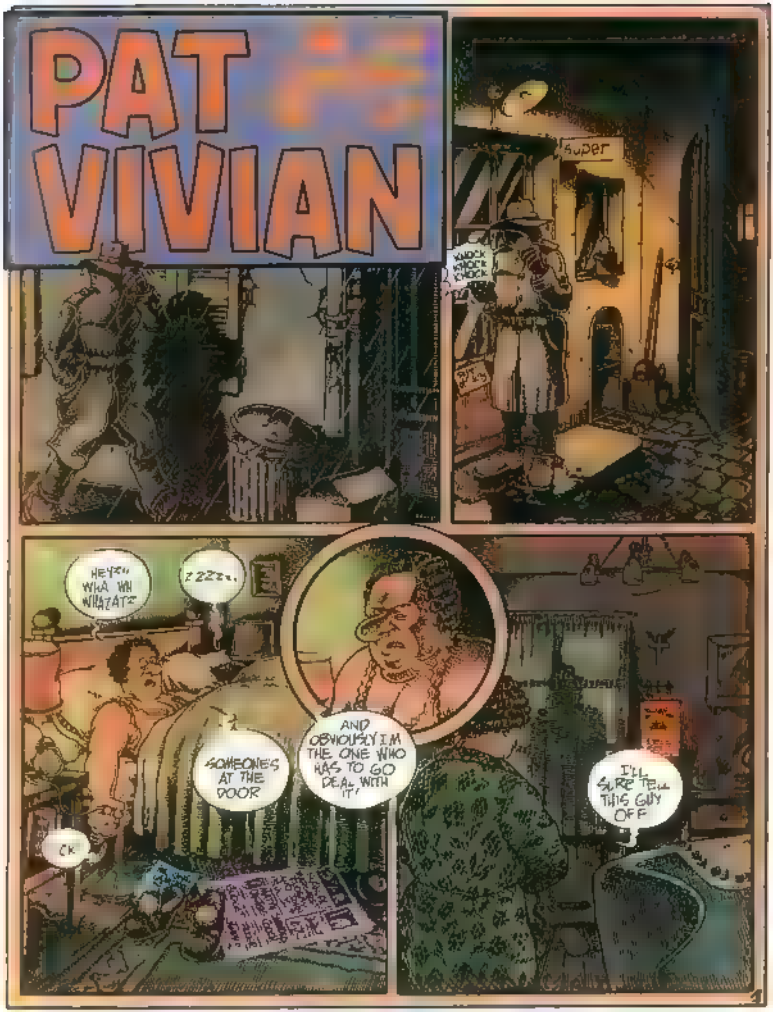

PAT VIVIAN
SUPER
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
HEY... WHA WH WHAZAT?
ZZZz..
SOMEONES AT THE DOOR
AND OBVIOUSLY I'M THE ONE WHO HAS TO GO DEAL WITH IT!
I'LL SURE TELL THIS GUY OFF
OK

YEAH, YEAH, WHAT IS IT?
WHO ARE YOU ANYWAY?
UMM.
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
UMM. MRS NORMA LEWIS, PLEASE?
MEN AT END OF HALL
HER, EH? THAT FIGURES.
THIRD FLOOR, SECOND DOOR TO THE LEFT!
THANK YOU, MA'AM
YOU'RE VERY KIND!
WHA!

WE'LL JUST THINK
PAT WILL NEVER BELIEVE ME
IT'S INCREDIBLE
AMAZING
HEY PAT WAKE UP! YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO BELIEVE WHAT I JUST SAW
GGGGAHH! WHAT IS IT?
THAT GUY LOOKED JUST LIKE
YOU!
SO, WHAT'S THE B.G. DEAL?

THE ALCHEMIST'S NOTEBOOK

by David Hurd and William Baetz

Cthulhu

[redacted] stars have presumed about the gateway's function [redacted] resident professor at the Miskatonic University in America has gone so far as to place it exactly on a group of nineteen islands off the Mindanao Coast. Another Japanese investigator said it was in Burma, on the Plateau of Leng, guarded for ages by the ichi-ichi people and their pure Aryanhood [redacted] fourteen miles off the Skeleton Coast. But I alone know the true location of the great dimensional [redacted] and have located that dimensional gateway to the ruins of N'Kai, outside Stuttgart, in the Black [redacted]

Upon acquiring the thirteen necessary for my [redacted] profession and took up residence in the once august [redacted] and the surrounding vegetation provided many [redacted]

Now twenty-five years have passed and in that [redacted] with a sailor who hailed from the New England [redacted]

I met the man outside his dingy hotel in the [redacted] to me in jerking, almost widely times. Although [redacted]

We were inside a bar next to the hotel to [redacted] [redacted] [redacted]

in turn informed me of your movements since our brief correspondence a few years before.

As the evening passed, I became careless with my enmeshed. So long had I been starved for human companionship, that one relationship flowed into the one evening of drunkenness. Soon I was eagerly agreeing to a pact with some fellow sorcerers to combine our knowledge in a joint venture to obtain a pact on paper increasing our determination to expose the mysteries of the universe.

The months that followed were the happiest I had known since childhood. You would visit for short durations, and we would exchange notes. I still felt that in no way were my beloved wizards being outdated. Although we moved in neighboring Valdoch, your business would keep you away at Stuttgart for weeks at a time. Peter, you were always careful in discussing your business matters, and that was to deter me from your professional life.

It was during the span of one of those weeks that I made the third discovery. The strange hieroglyphics that decorated the box that contained the components to my appliance had taken on a curious appeal. They were in no way decipherable by any of the writings in the *Book of Eibon*, nor were they similar to those that appeared in the diagrams I had acquired from the homunculi scroll. I had a feeling that these symbolized would open new vistas to my research.

It was quite by accident that I made this covered these markings. There were few books left in my uncle's library - one in particular that had never held my appeal to me. It was *Berlitz's Ancient History of Britain*. The volume was written in English, which I was well versed but had no desire to acquaint myself with that subject. Until one afternoon when I was bored to the point of shelf while searching for another volume. When my hand down on you, the book broke its hinge. I was shocked to find the pages hollowed out within the open page. After an excited examination, I found the symbols to be Runic in origin, and I further learned that they had been carved upon age on the figurines at Stonehenge.

With the end of the Bernie Greek was able to duplicate the symbols at Uncle Hugo's.

The first part of the translation was harmless to me, but the second, though following somewhat proved to be the first one to notably mystified when I read it. From my copy:

The translation read
It is deeper at 8 Faith stood Cthulhu waited dreaming

The we, the verse read,
Beneath the Earth in lightless N'Kai Faith Nodens deep angles pondered

After nearly two years of exhausting demands of information on the Cthulhu Mythos help to Kai and Cthulhu, the others, of the creatures was finally new for the first time beginning to weave itself into a pattern. Even the unnatural passage from the Necronomicon set back with a much profound staggering on the right of this investigation.

That is not dead which can eternal lie
And in strange aeons even death may die

Cthulhu waits dreaming Faith Nodens lives They fresh unknown normal

But when was Yuth Nodens a name unfamiliar to me It had to be one of the last Old Ones of Hyperborea banished with Tsathoggua and the others by the Elder who caused the Great Cataclysm. Yuth Nodens could only be the unseeing link in the race-type but the minds of such a story resembled no imagination.

Through the permanents of research and copy material on philosophy, could the ruins of the Ancient Ones have been appearing in the waning months. It was encouraging to find the link between the

dimensions. When the dead and lost keep of known glyphics on the ancient box was translated by my hand the transparent metaphors of it all were a shock to me.

With this translation I have held the secrets in which the gateways. The others have been kept in procedures that don't know the color the place and the ancient knows that it is deep and open and shall stand never in the Masters as They again reign on They conquer by fear that world that is rightfully Theirs. It is for the most powerful of them and even the Chief ought of None as the Lord of Black Magic rank will know of the last and unending one as they serve and sing. The new time of the Great Old Ones will begin soon and shall be the only to end. Men fools from the dimensional prison in which the Sun Gods locked us dwell for the prison imprisoned by the unknown Elder Ice who took hand of the primal race of the ancient ones. The world will be ours and the men will be interred with mankind and primal must.

The crying castle, between the Great Race and the Ancient Ones, has come back to the planet with the revelation is that a couple of the had been escaped the terrible wrath of the Elder Beings when they banished the Ancient Ones from our universe long before the first real mankind was born into who yet to end to happen the Elder Beings and that to Yuth Nodens have discovered proof of Hyperborea.

The ancient lands of Atlantis, Lemuria and Hyperborea are now destroyed and unrecognized even within the Elder who watched over world to forestall the ship activity against these races. To protect them the Elder Beings caused the Great Cataclysm and sank Atlantis and Lemuria beneath the oceans and sent Hyperborea was destroyed by earthquakes and great insects of fire that erupted from the bowels of the earth itself. It was at this time that the remains of the Old Ones were sent to the inner dimensions of black holes in deep in hell until the Elder Being took pity and released them.

The Unknown One of the Elder Race used this opportunity the weather that they possess to set prisons the Old One and And as it was explained to shall open the dimensional gateway and release the great dark Being so to speak the Mythos pantheon of the Ancient Ones have shall rule the mysterious Dagon and the Deep Ones. Yibb-Tstll and the Gnarls of Dark Night. Yig and his serpent children of Valusia, and all the others. Then shall follow the six Big Ones. Tsathoggua, Cthulhu, Ithaqua, Hastur, Yog-Sothoth, the all-in-one and one quarter of the space-time gate. Shub-Niggurath the black goat of the woods with a thousand young. Nyarlathotep the unspeakable and Shaggai the soul stalker. They shall come again to regain their throne.

It is a great risk that take Will They favor me to stand beside Them as They open dimension to send me onto a black mouth of unspeaking slavers, as the rest of the human race. But whatever the I They must remain prisoners of Their fate for some many and perhaps for eternal. And what if after some undetermined length of time. They were to find Themselves thrust back once again behind those dimensional barriers. Would They not round my destruction to battle the Elder Beings and release Them again from the prisons. Yes for that am I thought to Them and that They will make me a demi-Lord serving Their timeless desire shall be immortal with the Old Ones, and They will let me rule over this planet. Nothing will stand in my way. I hold the secrets. I have interpreted that which the Elder Being has written. I know the powers beyond the machine. I know the scientific secrets that were from the ship of the Elder Race on Earth when they lived here in Atlantis a downgrade that only covered the entire world.

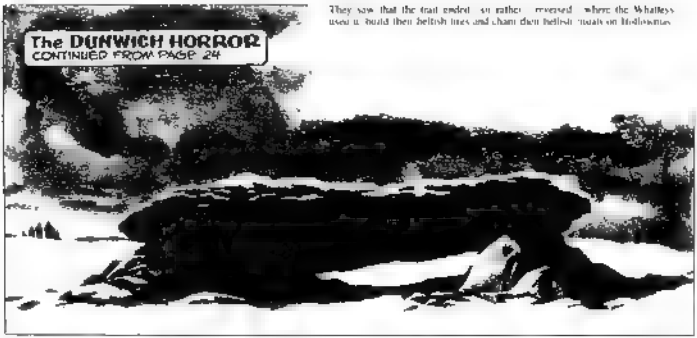
The Great Race came to our world from beyond the star. They feared that my universe was unique for and permanency, for that it was ruled by other influences of the Old Ones. The Elder Being knew that the Great Race would be the only inhabited in new life form the Ancient Ones had to be banished.

The Great Race followed where they did not were discovered what the Great Race had from the beyond and members of the time and space. I read all the same to start of earth a great water to a pigment with the whole pantheon. They brought with them their secrets from other worlds and times and among the previous. [illegible]

The Great Race left the world as most and the others, and into their Elder Being remained behind it is said by some that He will leave reading on the Plateau of Leng in Tartary to open the big what a threat to the world toward the end. A sun and a sun by Aegeus of the machine that he operated the inner dimensions to empower a gate between and Him to enter.

Through plan of ignorance, man remained earth beings. As mentioned earlier in my to read of the opinion that once every century in the grass. But other unwitting workers will gather in stone and squares on slavers or subjects to the Great Old Ones when I relate and Them from Their bonds. No longer will be forced to who must as he powers that world!

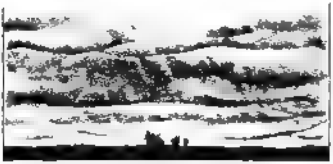
All these thoughts rushed at us the of which as to the the usual lack of discipline of my life by brain revived in public element of the study the shocked into



They saw that the trail ended on rather reversed where the Whateleys used it, build their hellish lines and chant their hellish rituals on Hallowmas.

Thursday night at about three A.M. all the party telephones rang tremulously. Those who picked up their receivers heard a frightened voice shriek out: "Help, oh, my God!" A hastily assembled group of armed men trudged out to the Frye place.

There was no longer any house, and amongst the ruins nothing living or dead could be discovered. The Elmer Frye had been erased from Dunwich.

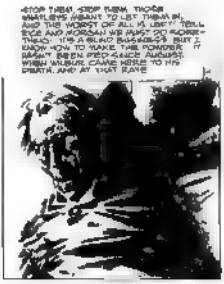


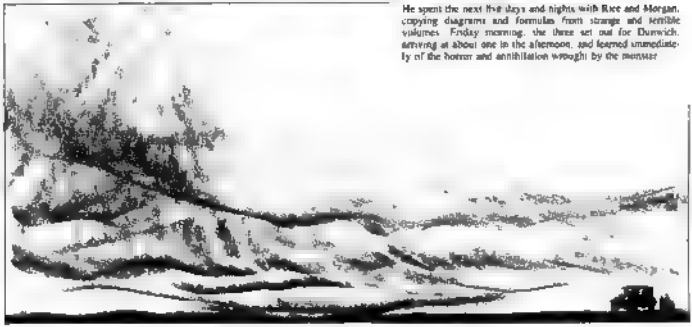
In the meantime, in Arkham, the curious manuscript of Wilbur Whateley had caused much worry and bafflement among the experts in languages. The old ledger was finally given wholly into the charge of Dr. Armitage.

He fortified himself with the help of cryptographic aids, and in September 1916 the first passage he translated proved to be highly disquieting, having been written as he remembered, by a child of three and a half.

TODAY LEARNED THE ABLO FOR THE SABBATH WHICH DID NOT LIKE IT BEING ANSWERABLE FROM THE Hill AND NOT FROM THE AIR THAT UPSTAIRS MORE AHEAD OF ME THAN I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE AND IS NOT LIKE TO HAVE MUCH EARTH BRAIN THEN FROM THE AIR TOLD ME AT SABBAT THAT IT WILL BE YEARS BEFORE I CAN CLEAR OFF THE EARTH AND I GUESS GRANDFATHER WILL BE DEAD THEN SO I SHALL HAVE TO LEARN ALL THE ANGLES OF THE PLANES AND ALL THE FORMULAS BETWEEN THE YR AND THE NHHNGR THEY FROM OUTSIDE WILL HELP BUT THEY CANNOT TAKE BODY WITHOUT HUMAN BLOOD THAT UPSTAIRS LOOKS IT WILL HAVE THE RIGHT CAST I CAN SEE IT A LITTLE WHEN I MAKE THE VOORISH SIGN WONDER HOW I SHALL LOOK WHEN THE EARTH IS CLEARED AND THERE ARE NO EARTH BEINGS ON IT

Morgan found Dr. Armitage in a cold sweat of terror and a frenzy of wakeful somnambulation. He had not left the manuscript all night.

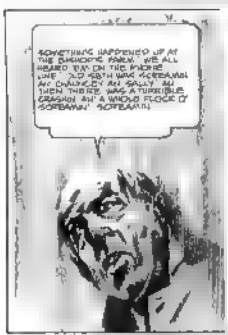

STOP THEM, STOP THEM, THOSE SHRIEKING INSANE TO LET THEM IN AND THE WORST OF ALL IS LIBBY! TELL EVE AND MORGAN WE MUST GO HOME-THERE IS A BLIND BABBLER-BUT I KNOW HOW TO MAKE THE POWDER. MARY BRENNER-PEG-GRACE ANDHRST WHEN WILBUR CAME HERE TO HIS DEATH, AND AT THAT RAVE



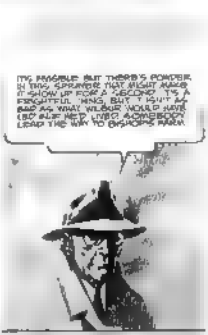
He spent the next five days and nights with Rice and Morgan, copying diagrams and formulas from strange and terrible volumes. Friday morning, the three set out for Dunwich, arriving at about one in the afternoon, and learned immediately of the horror and annihilation wrought by the monster

There were rustlings under the hills that night, and once in a while a wind would bring a stench of ineffable fetor such as all three of the watchers had smelled once before. Whatever was down there in the glen was during its time

Morning came, gray and bleak, and not much more than an hour later, a confused babel of voices sounded down the road


SOMETHING HAPPENED UP AT THE BISHOPS FARM. WE ALL HEARD 'EM ON THE PHONE LINE. SO HEIR WAS SCREAMING AN' CRACKLY AN' GALLY AN' THEN THERE WAS A TERRIBLE CRASHIN' AN' A WHOLE FLOCK O' SCREAMIN' SCREAMIN'!

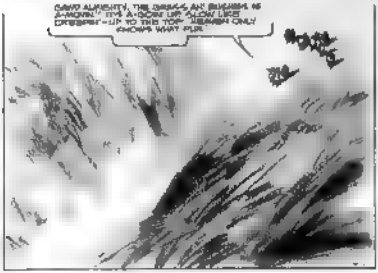
Armitage saw that the time for positive action had come


ITS PASSABLE, BUT THERE'S POWDER IN THIS SPRINKLE THAT MIGHT RAISE IT SHOW UP FOR A SECOND. IT'S A FORGETFUL THING, BUT I DON'T BELIEVE WE HAVE ANY WHAT WILDER WOULD HAVE LIKE BLUE HEIR. LIKELY SOMEBODY LEAD THE WAY TO BISHOPS FARM

THERE'S A CHURCH UP ACROSS THE HILLTOP HERE, FROM THE BROOK AT THE LOW PLACE, AN' CLIMBIN' THROUGH CABBAGES, MOWIN' AN' THE HARDER UP BEFORE

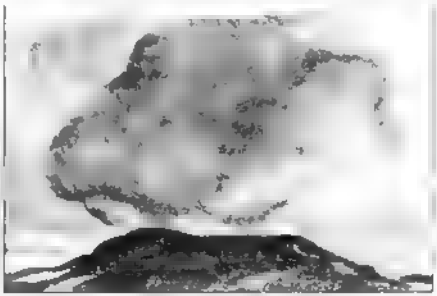
After surveying the ruins of the Bishop's house all turned instinctively to the line of horrible prints leading on to the altar-crowned slopes of Sentinel Hill

The germ of panic seemed to spread among the seekers. In the end, only the three men of Arkham ascended the mountain


GOOD ALMIGHTY, THE DRIBBLE AN' SLITHERIN' OF SHROMM! IT'S A-OOZIN' UP ALONG LIKE EVERMORE—UP TO THE TOP—SHROMM ONLY KNOWS WHAT ELSE

Anthrop at an elevated point. Armitage adjusted the device that would allow him to spray the magic powder on the creature.

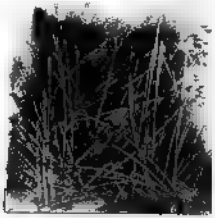
Chester was an absolute flash of grey blood — almost the color of a freshly slain human. There. Except Lang Armagher. An phenomenon such as the event it was that we've noticed



As if they were unaware of the scenes around them, the three scholars began to chant a rhythmic incantation to lift the spell

The whippoorwills began piping wildly in a singularly irregular rhythm quite unlike that of the visible natal

Without warning their many deep cracked, inhuman vocal sounds unlike any ever born upon a human throat



from what black wells of fear or reeling terror what unplumbed gulfs of extraterrestrial consciousness or obscure long silent heredity were those half-articulate thunder-croakings drawn And among them were *indisputably* English syllables

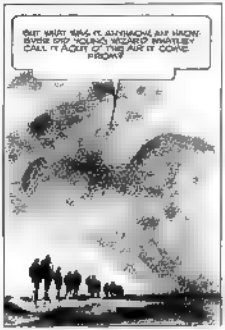
The men at Dunwich were nearly asphyxiated by a fetid fetor Dogs howled in the distance green grass and foliage wilted to a sickly yellow gray and one furtive and lonely were scattered the baying of dread whippoorwills

The vegetation never came right again. To this day there is something queer and unholy about the growths on and around that fearsome hill.

Grave and quiet, the men of Arkham came slowly down the mountain in the beams of a once-more brilliant and untainted sunlight.

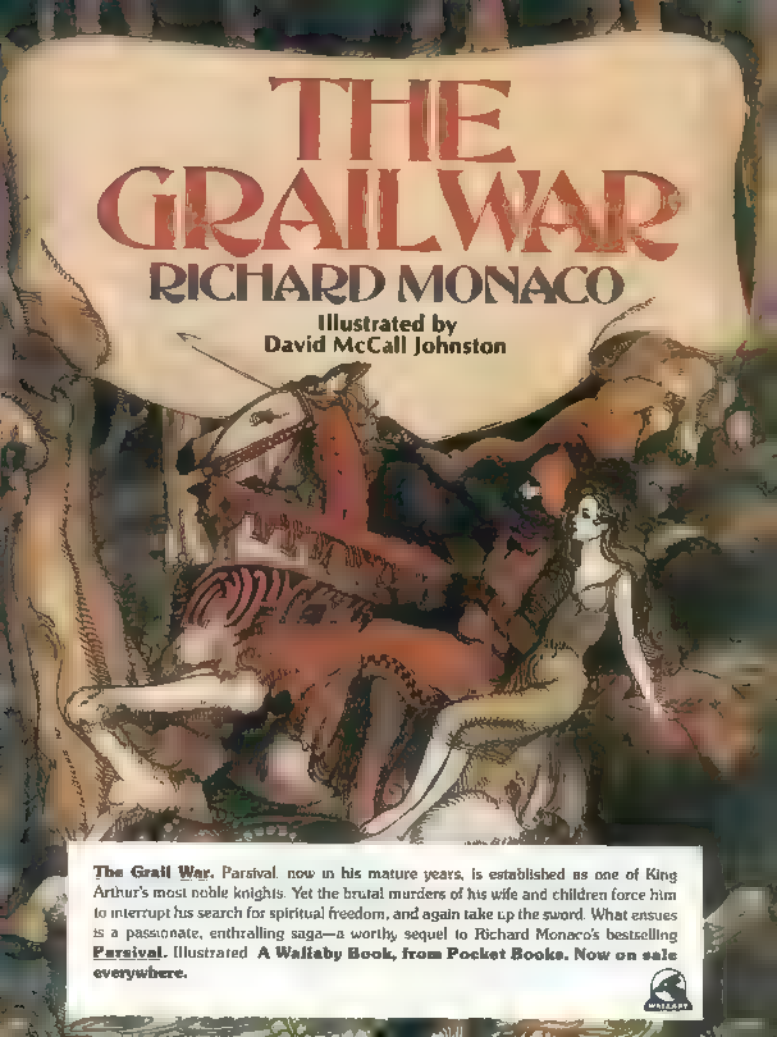
THE THING IS GONE FOREVER. IT WAS AN IMPOSSIBILITY IN A NORMAL WORLD. IT WAS UNLIKE 'EM. FATHER—AND MOST OF I WAS GONE BACK TO HIM IN SOME VAGUE REALM OF DIMENSION OUTSIDE OUR MATERIAL UNIVERSE. OUT OF WHICH ONLY THE MOST ACCURSED RITES OF HUMAN BLASPHEMY COULD EVER HAVE CALLED HIM.

BUT WHAT WAS IT, ANTHONY, MY NEPHEW? WHERE DID YOU AND WILBUR WHATELEY CALL IT ABOUT OF THE AIR IT CAME FROM?



IT WAS—WELL, IT WAS MOSTLY A KIND OF PROTOPLASM THAT DOESN'T BELONG IN OUR PART OF SPACE, ONE THAT ACTS AND GROWS AND SHAPES ITSELF BY LAWS OTHER THAN THOSE OF OUR AGE OF MATTER. THINGS LIKE THAT THE WHATELEYS WERE GOING TO LET IN RAVAGINGLY TO WIPE OUT THE HUMAN RACE. THE THING WE'VE JUST SENT BACK. IT GREW BIG AND FAST FOR THE SAME REASON AS WILBUR. BUT IT GREW HIM, BECAUSE IT HAD A CREATIVE SHARE OF THE *OUTSIDENESS* IN IT. YOU WEREN'T ASK HOW WILBUR CALLED IT OUT OF THE AIR. HE DIDN'T CALL IT OUT. IT WAS MPS THAN BROTHER, BUT IT LOOKED MORE LIKE THE FATHERS THAN HE DID.

THE END



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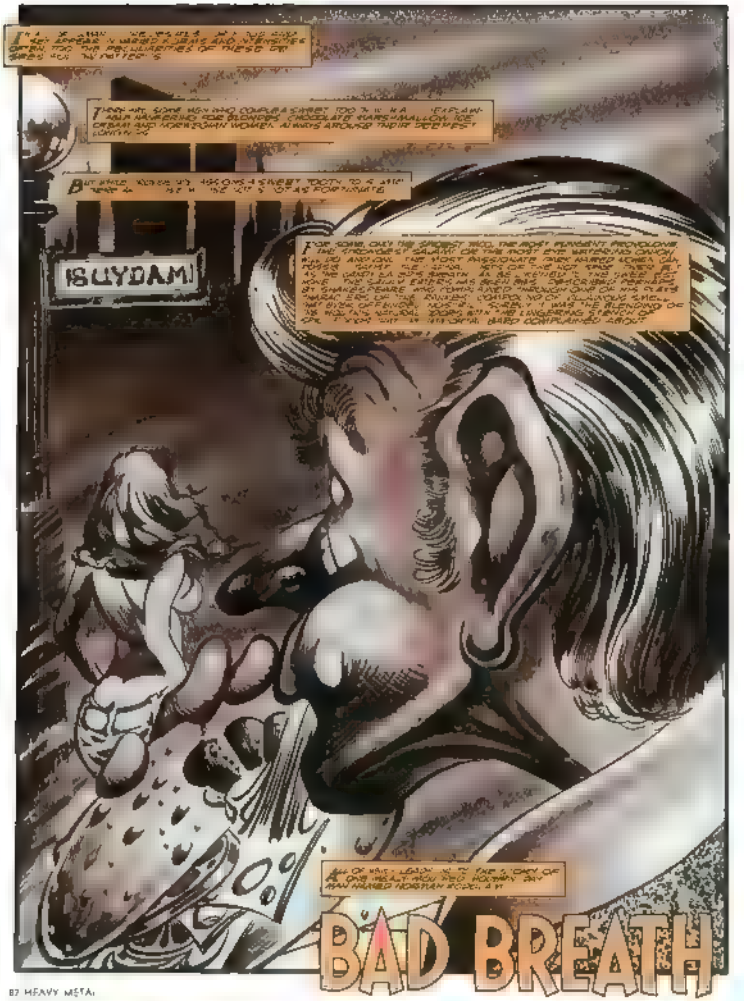
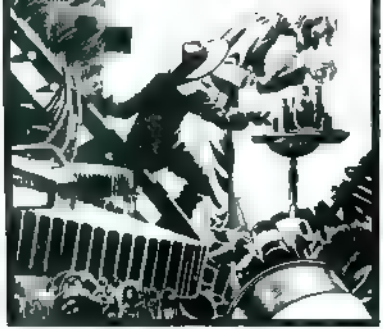
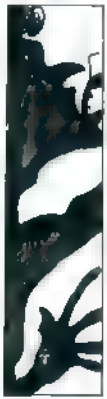
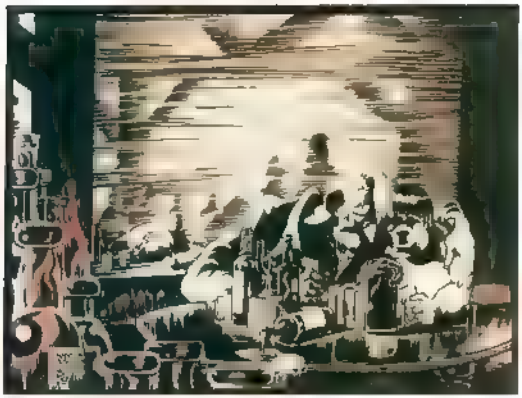

SUYDAM
BAD BREATH

NORMAN WAS CRAZY ABOUT CAROL ALRIGHT, FOR WEEKS THEY RARELY SAW NO EVENT THOUGHT ABOUT
SUDDENLY HE REALIZED THAT HE WOULD SPEND EVERY WAKING HOUR COMBINING THE SUPERFLUITY IN SEARCH OF FRESH BUT NONHUMAN, ROMANTIC APPROACHES EXCITED THE SAME RESPONSE...
AS A SEXUAL INTERLUDE THE NIGHT
IT HAPPENED THAT NORMAN WAS CONTENT TO REMAIN AN OBSERVER AS THE HUMAN VERSION OF HIS FANTASY WOMAN FOR GRATIFIED
IN AN EFFORT TO RELIEVE THIS UNBEARABLE FRUSTRATION AND LONELINESS
NORMAN TOOK COLD SHOWERS
AND LONELINESS WAS THE EVERYWHERE
SUDDENLY WHILE DOWN IN THE BASEMENT, HE NOTICED A SMALL DRAIN LEADING TO THE STREET FROM A NEARBY ALLEY.







THROUGH THE FOUL SMELL AND DRUNKEN FOG OF THE SMOKE FILLED BAR, HORMAN WANDERED UNCERTAINLY. THEN HE SAT DOWN NEXT TO HER.

HER EBONY EYES GLEAMED LIKE TWO FINELY POLISHED MARBLES SET IN THE SMOOTH, OLIVE TINT OF HER HEAD. ONCE, BRIEFLY, HORMAN SAW HER LOOK DOWN AT HER LAP. SHE CLENCHED THE HELPLESS IMPRACTICAL HAND FULL TO THE TABLE. SHE WAS INDEED A VISION OF BEAUTY.

ONCE INSIDE HIS APARTMENT, HORMAN TEMPORARILY LEFT HIS BELOVED IN ORDER TO PREPARE FOR THE COMING MOMENTS OF PASSION.

CAREFULLY NORMAN COMBED HIS SHAGGY HAIR. HE WAS BEGINNING TO LOSE SOME OF THE CONFIDENCE INSPIRED BY THE LOVE POTION AFTER STARING AT HIS FACE IN THE BATHROOM MIRROR FOR SEVERAL LONG MINUTES NORMAN PICKED UP A HALF FULL BOTTLE OF THE BRUNSWICK STOUT AND BEGAN TO DRINK

A STRANGE AND PRICKLY SENSATION CAME OVER NORMAN AT THAT MOMENT HE BEGAN TO GAG

AND THEN FELL TO THE FLOOR TOTALLY UNCONSCIOUS IT WAS NOT NORMAN EDOLIAM WHO STALKED INTO THE BEDROOM THAT NIGHT

NORMAN SLEPT ON THE BATHROOM FLOOR AND WOKE WITH A HEADACHE THE NEXT MORNING. OUR MENACING GANG TO HAUNT IT WAS STILL FLOOR. IN HIS MIND FOR MY GOOD FRIENDS. EP NORMAN. THERE'S A DEMON INSIDE OF ME! WHAT WILL I DO?

"WHAT WILL I DO? WHAT WILL I

NORMAN CAME UP WITH A PLAN. THAT EVENING, HE APPROACHED A TRIBAL BAND OF LUTHROATS WITH A PROPOSITION. HE WOULD PAY THEM WELL TO DRIVE OUT THE CURSED DEMON FROM WITHIN. THEY WERE MORE THAN HAPPY TO HELP A BROTHER" FOR A SMALL FEE.

A NORMAN'S PLACE, ONE OF THE MEN PRODUCED A VARIETY OF SLEEPING PILLS WHICH NORMAN DOWNED. "YOU JUST GO TO SLEEP AND RELAX. THEY TOLD HIM. "WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT DEMON WHEN HE SHOWS UP!" NORMAN SLEPT

IN THE MORNING, NORMAN'S NEW FRIENDS WERE GONE ALONG WITH HIS FURNISHINGS

NORMAN THOUGHT FOR A LONG TIME BEFORE HE CAME UP WITH A NEW PLAN FOR THE LATEST PLOT TO WORK. NORMAN NEEDED BAIT— VERY LOVELY, VERY NAKED BAIT.

BEFORE THE BELLY DANCER ARRIVED WITH THE HOUR SHE HAD NEVER DEVELOPED A GREAT LIKING FOR NORMANLAND. IT WAS ONLY AFTER RECEIVING A PROMISE OF A LARGE AMOUNT OF CASH THAT SHE AGREED TO PERFORM HER EXOTIC DANCES. AFTER NORMAN HAD PRODUCED THE MONEY AND CAREFULLY COUNTED IT OUT SHE STARTED SLOWLY TO TAKE OFF HER COAT AND BEGAN TO DANCE AROUND A VOX AROUND HIS WAY

SHE NO-ED SLOWLY AROUND THE APARTMENT LIFTING HER LONG, BONY AND FLOWING HAIR BOOM O A LAS- CULY MANNER. ALL THROUGH HER DANCE SHE MACHINE- DARKENING WHEN SHE CAME TO THE END, SHE DROPPED THE LAST OF HER CLOTHING CLINGED UNDER THE COVERS, AND SMILED AT NORMAN

THAT'S WHEN NORMAN RE ALIZED HE WAS LOOKING DOWN THE STAIRS TO DOUGH AND CAO

AS AGAIN HE SWUNG HIS AXE HIGH AND BROUGHT IT DOWN TO THE FLOOR NORMAN GRABBED THE AXE IN MIDAIR SET HIMSELF BEFORE HE BROUGHT THE SHARP BLADE DOWN WITH ALL HIS MIGHT UPON THE CREATURE'S UGLY HEAD

THE DEMON SCREAMED NORMAN AND TURNED CROUCHED IT MADE A FRANTIC LEAP FOR NORMAN'S THROAT NORMAN SWUNG THE AX ONCE MORE

IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, NORMAN DID HIS BEST TO FORGET ALL THAT HAD HAPPENED. HE POURED THE LOVE POTION DOWN THE TOILET AND RESUMED A NORMAL LIFE. IT WAS? ... COULD BE. ONLY HE WAS OUT ON THE STREET ONCE AGAIN LOOKING FOR WOMEN. BUT NORMAN BOOGLAM WOULD FOREVER REMAIN DISTANT FROM THE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN OF THE WORLD

THE END

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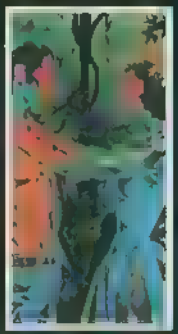

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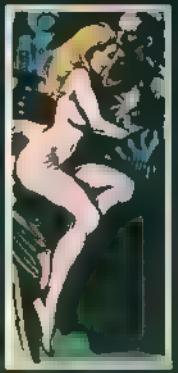

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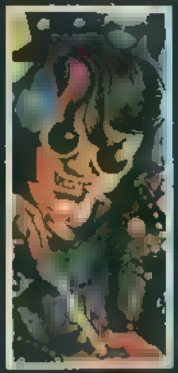

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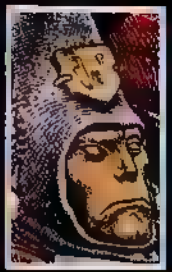

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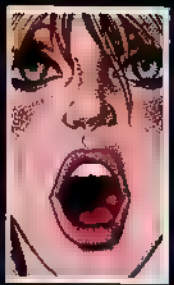

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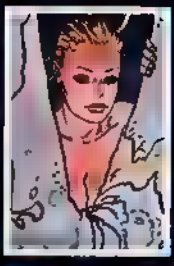

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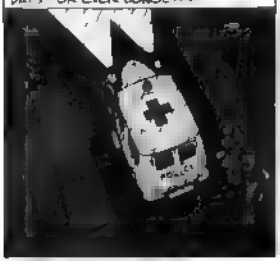
VERY- CEPPI

THE AGONY COLUMN

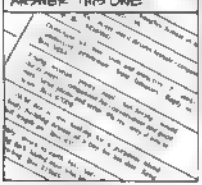
HOW LONG HAD I WANDERED WITHOUT PURPOSE. AND WITH NO DESIRE BUT TO HIDE MYSELF IN THE SAD STREETS OF THAT ACCURSED CITY? AN HOUR? A DAY? TWO DAYS? OR EVEN LONGER?



IN MY BRIEF BOUTS OF LUCIDITY THE MEMORY OF MY MISFORTUNE WOULD RECUR TO FURTHER TORTURE ME

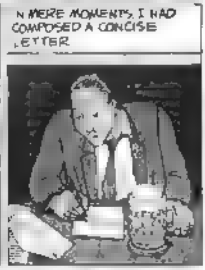
IT ALL BEGAN JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS (I STILL REMEMBER THE WORDS "MERRY CHRISTMAS" STENCILED ON THE MIRROR) IN A LOCAL BAR ON ONE OF THE MANY QUIET LONELY NIGHTS SO TYPICAL OF MY LIFE. I WAS GLANCING OVER A NEWSPAPER AMUSING MYSELF BY READING THE PERSONAL NOTICES THE "AGONY COLUMN"

ONE OF THE ENTRIES ATTRACTED MY ATTENTION. WHY? I DON'T EXACTLY KNOW, FOR THEY'RE ALL THE SAME REALLY. BUT I DECIDED TO ANSWER THIS ONE



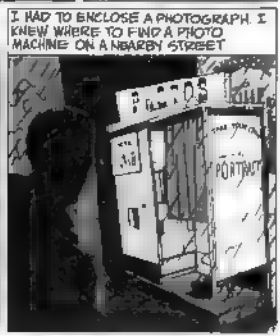
WATER SOME PAPER AN ENVELOPE. A STAMP AND A BEER

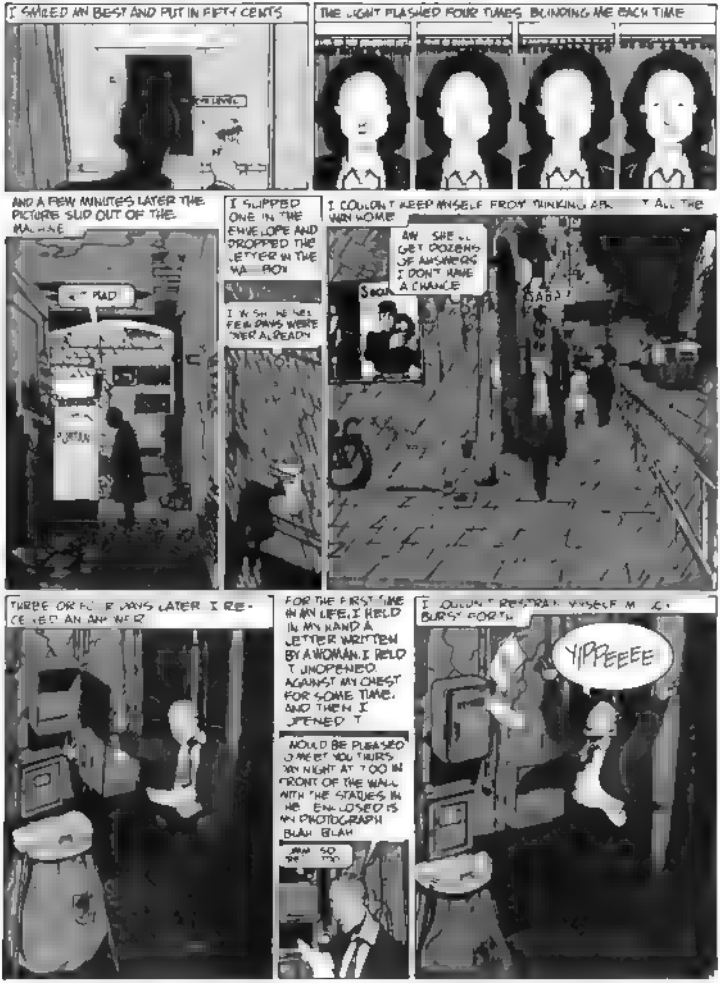
IN THERE MOMENTS, I HAD COMPOSED A CONCISE LETTER



I LEFT THE BAR ALMOST HAPPY

I HAD TO ENCLOSE A PHOTOGRAPH. I KNEW WHERE TO FIND A PHOTO MACHINE ON A NEARBY STREET




I SMILED AN BEST AND PUT IN FIFTY CENTS
THE LIGHT FLASHED FOUR TIMES BLINDING ME EACH TIME
AND A FEW MINUTES LATER THE PICTURES SLID OUT OF THE MACHINE
I SLIPPED ONE IN THE ENVELOPE AND DROPPED THE LETTER IN THE MAILBOX
I WISH HE WELL FEW DAYS WERE OVER ALREADY
I COULDN'T KEEP MYSELF FROM THINKING ABOUT ALL THE
AH SHE'LL GET DOZENS OF ANSWERS I DON'T HAVE A CHANCE
SOB
SOB
THREE OR FOUR DAYS LATER I RECEIVED AN ANSWER
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, I HELD IN MY HAND A LETTER WRITTEN BY A WOMAN. I HELD IT UNOPENED AGAINST MY CHEST FOR SOME TIME. AND THEN I OPENED IT
WOULD BE PLEASED TO MEET YOU THURSDAY NIGHT AT 7:00 IN FRONT OF THE WALL WITH THE STATUES IN THE ENCLOSED IS AN PHOTOGRAPH BLAH BLAH
I COULDN'T RESTRAIN MYSELF AND BURST FORTH
YIPPEEEE

DURING THE TWO DAYS THAT PRECEEDED THE MEETING, MY EXCITEMENT WAS UNBELIEVABLE AND I WAS TREMBLING, WITH BUTTERFLIES IN MY STOMACH, WHEN I ENTERED THE LARGE PARK THE LOCATION OF OUR MEETING.
HOW SHOULD I APPROACH THIS GIRL?
I DON'T REALLY HAVE ANY EXPERIENCE IN THIS AREA.
THE CLOSER I GOT, THE MORE I WANTED TO RUN AWAY
THE GIRL WAS ALREADY THERE
JAMN SHE'S EVEN PRETTIER THAN SHE LOOKED IN HER PICTURE BUCK UP
I WAS ONLY A FEW YARDS AWAY WHEN SUDDENLY THERE LEAPED FROM THE BUSHES
?
?

002
HELP!
HEY, STOP!
GOOD. HE'S FOLLOWING US!
SHAME ON YOU!
HURRY, LET'S GO
THE TWO EVIL DOERS BUNDLED THE GIRL INTO A VAN THAT WAS WAITING CLOSE BY
RIGHT, THAT'S ONE
AND NOW FOR THE OTHER POOL...
HOW LONG I REMAINED UNCONSCIOUS I COULD NOT SAY EXACTLY, BUT IT WAS FOR SEVERAL HOURS AT LEAST
BESIDES, I WOULD HAVE PREFERRED NEVER TO HAVE AWAKENED. BECAUSE
AAARRRmH!

A GHASTLY SCENE APPEARED BEFORE MY EYES... WHAT REMAINED OF THE YOUNG WOMAN LAY DEAD UPON A SORT OF MONSTROUS OPERATING TABLE.
AH HA! HE'S COMING TO...
NICE WORK, DON'T YOU THINK?
COME NOW, COME NOW, CONTROL YOURSELF! WE ARE DOING THIS FOR THE GOOD OF HUMANITY!...
ALAS, WE MUST PROCURE OUR GUINEA PIGS BY WHATEVER METHODS WE CAN...
...IN SHORT, WE WILL USE YOU AS A SCAPEGOAT...
YOU ARE MAD!?!...
NO, NO!... IT IS YOU WHO WILL BE ACCUSED OF A SEX CRIME!!!!
...AT WORST, IT WILL BE OUR WORD AGAINST YOURS... IT'S ALL TAKEN CARE OF!..
WHAT???! BUT THIS IS MONSTROUS!!!...
LET'S GO... NO TIME TO WASTE! BESIDES, AFTER THIS INJECTION, YOUR LAWYER CAN EASILY GET YOU PUT AWAY ON PSYCHIATRIC GROUNDS... HA! HA! HA!
THAT'S BETTER THAN GOING TO THE CHAIR, ISN'T IT? HA! HA! HA!
NO!
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
EXIT
END

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